THE COMMONWEAL

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THE LOGIC OF COMMUNISM

THE FUSS recently created over a Soviet passport to John Haynes Holmes, the minister of the Community Church of New York, and to several other liberal clergymen, has been attributed to the bureaucratic action of some minor official, obeying the Soviet rule to exclude ministers of religion from Russia—even those who have, like Mr. Holmes and others of the group, so vigorously befriended Soviet Russia in the United States. Perhaps that is the case. At present, however, the matter has been arranged so that Mr. Holmes and his friends may accompany the party being guided by Sherwood Eddy, the former Y.M.C.A. official, who recently announced his conversion to Socialism on retiring from the service of the Y.M.C.A., and who also has been one of the stanchest American supporters of the Russian Soviet. The Communists know the publicity value of the coöperation given them so freely by liberal religious leaders and organizations in this country and in Europe, and are skilful in promoting and making use of such coöperation up to a certain point, but when that point is reached the liberal religionists and Socialist humanitarians are treated just as ruthlessly, and as logically, as the Soviets treat the representatives of orthodox religion. Recent occurrences in Europe, which have passed without notice in the secular press, illustrate Soviet policy in this respect most vividly. They have been studied at some length in the bulletin issued by the Information Service on Religious Conditions in Soviet Russia, an organization with headquarters in Paris, which derives its material from a close and constant study of the Soviet press. What follows is a digest of an article in the last issue of the bulletin, dealing with the struggle between the international organization of liberal freethinkers and the Union of the Militant Godless of Soviet Russia, which has resulted in the splitting of the first organization, and the establishment in Europe of a militant group of atheists, under direct control of the Russian Communists, composed of societies hitherto united with the liberal freethinkers.

This event has been hailed by the *Godless*, the official organ of the Moscow atheists, as "a turning point in the world-wide godless movement of the proletarians." It is to be followed, according to the plan of the Russian headquarters, by a consolidation of "godless" movements throughout the world, under the control of the Union of the Militant Godless of Russia. From this consolidation, all groups and individuals represent-

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ing any school of thought which does not strictly and obediently follow absolute Marxian materialism, as laid down by the Union of the Militant Godless of Soviet Russia, will be excluded. The process followed in the struggle recently waged in Europe will be consistently applied elsewhere. In this matter, above all others, because it is of such importance, Soviet Russia is uncompromising. All forms of organized religion, and all forms of personal religiosity, other than the religion of strict materialism under the control of the Communist international, are anathema.

The Brussels's International of Freethinkers is the oldest and most powerful organization uniting various liberal, or atheistic, societies of Europe and America. It comprises about one hundred thousand members. The majority of the members are representatives of the classes contemptuously termed by the strict Communists as the "intelligentsia," and the "lower bourgeoisie"—school teachers, university professors, lawyers, physicians, liberal clergymen, government clerks, and employees of the "white collar class." From such classes the Communists sometimes make converts; but ordinarily the Communists look upon them suspiciously, because such liberals, even when some of them may be extreme atheists in their personal views, are regarded as psychological allies of capitalism, and of capitalistic forms of government. Hence, the struggle to destroy them in favor of a class-conscious, proletarian, atheistic movement, strictly organized on a proletarian basis, and controlled by Moscow.

The strongest, most influential group in the Brussels's International of Freethinkers is the National Federation of Freethinkers of France and Its Colonies. Germany is represented by the Monists' Union, a society well known in scientific circles. The United States has at least six societies affiliated with the Brussels's international organization, namely, the Truth Seekers Company, the American Secular Union, the Rationalistic Society, the Four A's, or American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, and two other groups. England, Poland, Holland, Mexico, Argentina, Switzerland and other countries are also represented. Among the societies thus affiliated, a certain number were made up of working-men, true proletarian groups. It was to detach these latter groups and discredit the "bourgeois" and "liberal" elements that the Union of the Militant Godless waged its successful fight. It announced before the decisive struggle, quite frankly and openly, exactly what it intended to do, and why. Consistently with its own philosophy, it believed that the radicalism of the liberal freethinkers was merely a device intended to weaken the forces of the proletariat and keep part of the working-men aloof from the revolutionary Communists. The Communists, therefore, accused these leaders and the organizations controlled by them of being allied with free-masonry, with anarchism, with theosophic and similar mystical forms of religious belief, and declared that only the Union of the Militant Godless could effectively organize the proletarian world against all forms of religion, "the opium of the people."

In addition to the Brussels's International of Freethinkers, Europe has a second international federation opposed to organized religion. This is the I. D. F., or International of Freethinking Proletariats. The right wing of this group has been more or less affiliated with, or under the influence of, the liberal and bourgeois Brussels's International. The left wing was Communist, and included the membership of the Union of the Militant Godless of Soviet Russia. Some five hundred thousand members were embraced in the I. D. F., exclusive of the membership of the Union of the Militant Godless, which is variously estimated as from two million to five million. At the Fourth Congress of this organization, held in Bodenbach, in Czechoslovakia, on November 15, 1930, the delegation of the Union of the Militant Godless, supported by delegations from proletarian groups of Holland and Poland, demanded that the main organization admit to membership, with full voting rights, a number of militantly Communistic and proletarian organizations which the more moderate, Social Democratic majority of the I. D. F. had debarred from membership. The right wing fought this demand, and the organization split. The left or minority group, which, however, was conscious of the strength given to it by the leadership as well as the membership of millions of the Union of the Militant Godless, declared that it constituted the real I. D. F. and organized itself for vigorous future work.

The defeated moderates are now thinking of definitely joining the Brussels's International. The road is thus cleared for the direct action of the militant atheists. The burning of the churches, schools and convents in Spain throws a lurid light upon what may be expected as the technical methods of Russia are taught to the European groups. Once the idealistic individuals and groups have played their part by dissolving loyalties to organized religion, they are thrust aside, and direct action carries out the true logic of Communist atheism.

WEEK BY WEEK

AS WE write, the rupture between the Mussolini government and the Vatican has not been healed, nor is there much indication of a prompt settlement. One difficulty is lack of news. The censorship which enveils all foreign correspondents in Italy precludes one's knowing how groups favorable to Catholic Action have received the dictator's decrees; and of course all speculation as to the tenor of public opinion throughout the country is futile. Just now we can merely atempt to discern general causes of an opposition which has been evident since the Lateran Treaties were signed. Some of these are well known—interpretation of the scope of the Concordat, difference about the nature and purposes of education, divergent

Mystifying Italy

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opinions regarding the aims of Catholic Action. In its bulletin for June 5, the Foreign Policy Association directs attention to another in a paragraph which deserves quotation:

"IN A BROADER sense, however, the crisis involves a conflict between the Catholic Church which at one time in its history was an all-inclusive organization, and a modern state which similarly attempts to embrace all phases of human existence, including religion. This integral conception of the state is unqualifiedly rejected by Pope Pius XI. In his encyclical on labor, issued on May 24 in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical, 'Rerum Novarum,' Pius XI stated it to be the right and duty of the Pontiff 'to deal authoritatively with social and economic problems,' and denied that economics and moral discipline are 'so distinct and alien that the former in no way depends on the latter.' After describing the Fascist system of workers' and employers' syndicates, which he did not specifically name, he declared that 'there are some who fear' the substitution of the state for private initiative, and that this system, despite its general advantages, 'risks serving particular political aims rather than contributing to the initiation of a better social order.' The Fascist government may conceivably have been disturbed by these declarations of the Pope, especially in view of the far-flung audience which Pius XI has acquired as a result of his frequent use of the press and the radio."

AS HE himself had predicted, the situation with which Dr. Bruening, Chancellor of the Reich, must deal has rapidly grown worse during the past two months. The mere fact that a new Notverordnung—as the emergency mandates of the government are termed—has been decided upon must be accepted as very bad news, indeed. While such a message may help to keep the financial house in order, it is also wonderfully effective advertising for political extremism. Unless one badly misses one's guess, four months more at the present rate means either the fall of the government or a new dictatorship according to Article 48 of the constitution. How difficult the situation is politically may be gleaned from the chronicle of the Leipzig debates of the Social Democratic party. Of course, as had been expected, the party pledged its support to the chancellor. But the partizan sacrifices this entails are so obvious that even strong men are hesitant about committing the Socialist conduct to anything for any length of time. It may be that Dr. Bruening will return from the Chequers conversations with some diplomatic weapon able to gain a respite in debt-paying operations. Yet this could only be a temporary palliative. What is needed is less social pressure through unemployment and more food in the form of credit. Germany can no longer step on the gas. It must find a filling station and that quickly.

Herr Bruening's Position

SPAIN appears to be so much calmer than it was some weeks ago that not a few believe in the republic's ability to maintain order and to suppress acts of disgraceful vandalism. The Catholics of various regions are now also manifestly better organized and less seriously divided on the subject of allegiance to the new government. But what caused the recent outbreak? The best summary of conditions we have seen appears in *La Vie Catholique,* the French weekly edited by Francisque Gay. It appears that prior to the troubles a goodly number of bishops had counseled allegiance to the republic and expressed their own willingness to coöperate with the authorities. The sole dissenting note was a statement by the cardinal primate, which in turn was rather grossly misinterpreted by a hostile press. Disturbances in Madrid were apparently started by a royalist manifestation, and the failure of troops to act more vigorously may have been due to indecision of several kinds prevailing in military circles. While religious orders have been expelled from some places, they have been invited to remain in others; and the position of the clergy as a whole seems to have improved considerably. Doubtless a great deal of what has happened must be attributed to frenzied excitement. *El Mati,* the Barcelona daily, reports, for example, an incident which may have representative significance. The little city of Lerida was celebrating the feast of its patron and holding a procession in his honor. Along the route a crowd had gathered and noted with some anger a royalist flag flying from a municipal building. The bishop, summing up the situation quickly, ordered the band to play the Marseillaise. Immediately the throng applauded, the procession was augmented, and peace nestled on the roofs of Lerida. It is out of just such wisdom as was here portrayed that many expect good things for the Church in Spain.

Recovery in Spain

BY A RECENT decision, the Supreme Court has ruled that every person seeking citizenship must profess his unqualified willingness to bear arms in time of war. This mandate must either reduce the supply of pacifists or increase the number of perjurers. Beyond that it means—and here is the really important point—that our constitutional law does not grant to the individual citizen the right to let his conscience decide whether a given conflict is just or not. We gravely doubt that such a stand could have been taken by the court prior to the Great War, the circumstances attendant upon which pretty well choked all previously existing tendencies to question the government's power to draft an army or to enforce military service. Senator Robert LaFollette's masterly summary of those tendencies was swamped by the tide of patriotic ardor. Now one may as well say that the whole tradition of Christian moral teaching is against the present ruling. That is due primarily to the clear

Must One Go to War?

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priority conceded by this teaching to conscience, and partly to the view that such a thing as an absolute moral obligation could not be exacted by the state. When General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, writes that "the question of war and peace is one that rests, under our form of government, in congress," and that "its pronouncement on such a question is final, and is obligatory upon every citizen of the United States," he is presenting a thesis to which the whole development of Christian moral doctrine is opposed. It is the business of a soldier to kill somebody else—a business toward which the professional may assume the calm attitude of a man doing his duty and braving danger meanwhile. But no man can be obliged to take up that business unless he is convinced of its just aims.

ON THE other hand, we are inclined to side with the general in his critique of the current clerical stampede toward pacifism. "It also surprises me," he writes, "that while apparently entering a plea for freedom of conscience, these clergymen are attempting to dictate to the consciences of those who honestly differ with them over questions of national defense." This is, perhaps, a litle unfortunately phrased. The pacifistic clergy are not "attempting to dictate." They are trying to convert the majority of Americans to their point of view; and since General MacArthur himself recognizes the "will of the majority" as the ultimate law, he must prepare himself for absolute obedience if they succeed. Even so, this new move to compel the national government to express and defend an extreme ethical impulse—to go pacifistic after it has gone prohibitionistic—ought to be met right now with a good deal of common sense. The people of the United States can of course, as history proves abundantly, make such laws as they please. But they have no moral right to declare that war of any kind would be unjust, and no sound reason for believing they may not have to fight such a war. Our modern work for peace has a tremendous inner value, which is the subjection of war declarations to ethical scrutiny. It will collapse into a farce the moment it settles the question a priori and forgets that conscience can never automatically join the leisure class.

TWO ITEMS appearing by chance the same week would seem to bound, on the extreme north and south, society's possible approach to that important and perplexing being, the juvenile deliquent. Something happened in a Long Island high school which emerges (through the perhaps exaggerated charges of angry parents, and the patently uneasy hush-hushing of school officials) as a third-degree beating to elicit confessions of theft; patterned, seemingly, on police procedure, and administered to certain pupils by other pupils in the presence, and with the approval, of a teacher. The second item comes from New Jersey; a judge there interrogated three young vandals as to what prompted them to wreck the wiring and plumbing of a vacant house, and upon receiving the answer, "Nothing," sentenced them to spend six consecutive Saturday afternoons under guard writing six consecutive essays apiece on that topic.

Juvenile Penology: Two Styles

ASSUMING the worst against the first group—that they had committed thefts—surely no sane person can hesitate between these two modes of punishment. The first illustrates not merely a new nadir in simple, pedagogic stupidity, but also, in little, that temptation to lawlessness as an expedient in asserting law, to which helpless authoritarians sometimes succumb, and which is, beyond question, one of the really sinister factors in augmenting social disorder today. The second is just enough—and amusing enough—to leave no bitterness, wise enough to minister in no way to the young offenders' perverse egotism, and hard enough, in all conscience, to be unforgettable. It is unlikely that any of the eighteen forthcoming essays "On Nothing" will develop a Bellocian lightness and charm. But it is just as unlikely that the three writers thereof will give any other judge any other occasion to impose an intensive literary sentence on them.

ONE THING almost sure to tweak the tail of an American traveling abroad is the melancholy information, offered lavishly and untaxed, that of course he has no culture at home. Perhaps part of the blame may be affixed to the tourist himself, but it is difficult to conceive of anything more devoid of intelligence, aesthetic quality and flavor than the average Continental idea of the United States. This summer Dr. Walter Hoefner, director of far-famed and beautiful Bad Homburg, has decided to come to the aid of the irate American. A festival of American music is to be offered on July 6, 7 and 8, with the assistance of Director Holger and Critic Irving Schwerke, both of whom know the lay of the land. The following account of the spirit in which the program has been arranged seems unusually interesting and—these days—consoling: "The purpose of this festival is not to prove the existence of American music—its existence now being universally recognized—but rather to correct certain mistaken notions with respect to American music itself; namely, the erroneous belief that American music has no past, that it is a by-product of the modern dance, that its origin is jazz, and that it is composed by aliens. In the program the colonial composers provide modern American composers a background of fully three hundred years, the psalm-singing origin of *their* music disproves the dance origin and jazz theories, while the fact that each of the musicians represented is American-born, removes the necessity of anxiety over alien authorship." Selections from Leo Sowerby, Edward MacDowell, Carl McKinley, Roger Sessions and Quincy Porter figure on the menu. We are sorry that circumstances prevent our learning

Hymns from Home

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what "our" music is really like, and hope that experience may come to numerous others in lovely Bad Homburg.

THIS, as we all know, is the age of the stereotype; this, as we are likewise often painfully instructed, is the country of the stereotype. Pleasant, then, and grateful to American eyes, the news items which have lately abounded proving that we still have our courageous individualists. Will Rogers, for instance, is a funny man by trade, but there is something braver and more salient than professional wisecracking calls for in his refusal of a proffered honorary degree on the ground that to take it would be to make a joke of it; with the eloquent explanatory parallel thrown in: "They gave one to Mellon and he's a billion short." Or there is Admiral Byrd. His car, it seems, was passing a sort of incipient battle-piece in Boston: center, a defiant gob with a girl hanging to his arm; periphery, a ring of toughs who palpably meant business. In that story-book manner which is spontaneously his (and no one else's), and which already helps one to think of his exploits as heroic legends, the admiral alighted and forced his way through the crowd. "My name is Byrd," he explained, "and I'm in the navy too." The physical courage displayed was considerable, since if the admiral had not been recognized, he would inevitably have been pasted; but the moral courage required to put the thing through in this form seems to us tremendous. Again, here is Mr. Tunney, back from foreign travel and superbly undeterred by the memory of a terrific cannonade of satire from the press because he *would* talk about books. "My plans?" said he in response to almost the first question, "To answer that you'll have to read the last paragraph of 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.' "

Exceptions

AN EXTREMELY interesting development in Catholic education for public school children has been made in New York with the announcement that religious instruction is to be admitted to official standing in two high schools. These two cases are to be somewhat in the nature of test cases. Specifically there will be courses in religious instruction one hour a week after regular school hours, and if a student perseveres in the courses for four years, he will receive a credit toward graduation out of the total requirement of fifteen credits. The Interfaith Committee on which Catholics, Jews and Protestants interested in obtaining religious instruction for public school children have coöperated, are responsible for obtaining as much as has been obtained. Of course, a thorough Catholic education will always be the thing most to be desired and to be worked for.

Public School Religion

HOWEVER, as a matter of fact that must be faced, about half the Catholic children of school age are in public schools. It has been estimated by the Reverend Joseph J. Mereto who has made an extensive study of the subject, that there are over two million such children. Neglect of their religious education is one of the gravest causes of leakage in the Catholic population. Only one-eighth of them at present, according to Father Mereto, receive any religious instruction. The rest run wild in a state of more or less complete pagan ignorance. Attempts to give such children religious education outside of their regular school work, is made extremely difficult by the feeling of the children that their freedom is being curtailed and their restlessness and rebellion largely defeats the purpose of the instruction. With juvenile delinquency, especially in the numbr of violent crimes committed by youths barely out of their 'teens, on the increase, even the slenderest cooperation of the state schools in the matter of assisting the children to be brought up not totally illiterate in spiritual values, should recommend itself if for no more than a matter of social expediency. The vital importance of the salvation of the souls of these children, is of course something else to those who have the Faith, and they will indeed welcome this measure of opportunity for their children.

THE SAD RECESSIONAL

ALMOST within the generation of our immediate fathers, and our own generation, we have seen machinery invade the country, leaving great numbers of men and women standing idle, more or less helplessly, more or less happily, disinherited from the land, not needed in the factories, and dependent on scraps from the tables of those who were producing. Unemployment is acute at present in regard to able-bodied men and women who are the flower of the army of workers. Any American, however, with a little reflection can probably recall from personal observation of conditions in the locality with which he is most familiar, an amazing amount of actual unemployment even before the present crisis: men and women casually and intermittently employed, and dependent on pittances from an older generation either still living or gone, leaving behind it a modest capital. The proportion of widows and orphans, and able-bodied brothers principally distinguished by a kind of undress amiability who were able to live along on second and third mortgages left to them by a bearded and most energetic and useful patriarch—not to speak of the mother who knew real horny-handed toil, and how to multiply not only children, but also the good growing things of this earth—this proportion of relatively idle consumers to the producers, was a major social phenomenon within the memory of this generation. It was one of the factors at least coincident with the urban trek which distinguished the second period in the growth of America.

The great numbers of those who migrated to the cities from the farms, often via the state university, were subsidized at least partly or for a time in this

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movement by accumulations of capital values largely represented by farms—farms actually held and operated by members of the older generation, or held by them in the forms of mortgages. The cities for a time absorbed these newcomers and provided employment for them principally in the executive class whose vision and energy were responsible for producing the manufactured items of the American standard of living which have, through advertising and usage, come to be looked upon, if not as necessities, as inherent and fundamental rights. There have also been evidences of a newer more colossally idle generation growing up, idle that is on a relative basis gaged by the difference between their contribution to real wealth and their consumption of it. There were the young boys and girls of high school age with cars, costly clothes, sometimes boats, memberships in clubs and expensive tastes for travel, summer resorts and entertainment. These things were not for the children of the idle rich only, they were enjoyed by young men and women whose families were in moderate circumstances. From the vantage of a little perspective, the thing seems millennial. If one can disassociate oneself from it sufficiently, to consider it in relation to the rest of the world, one might begin to suspect that commentators were not exaggerating when they used such phrases as "America's dollar imperialism" and spoke, especially since the war, of practically the whole world paying tribute to America. Certainly machinery contributed the larger share to the emancipation of great numbers from earning their bread with the sweat of their brows, day after day, but the wealth being poured into the United States, though it was largely written off as a book operation reducing the national debt, represented real credits which eventually trickled down in some form of unearned commodity to the American people.

Then, cruel prick to this bubble, came the deflation. Like the origins of the war, or the real value to the American people of the reign of President Coolidge, the deflation is still too close to us for us to be able to analyze it definitely. The facts, however, exist that approximately six million of America's most able-bodied working people who want to work and have to work are without work, America's farms are producing more than they can sell at home or abroad and they are nearly bankrupt under the mortgages which have been placed upon them, while investment values have been steadily falling because the bankrupt farmers and the unemployed represent a vast market impotent to buy, and because cumulatively, holders of investment securities have in turn suffered a depreciation of their power to buy. It is difficult to see any escape.

The extension of new credits is urged by many of our best economists, who believe that only in this manner will the tide of depression be turned and the speeding up of the exchange of goods, business turnover, be restored to something like what it was before the depression. However, the holders of capital are faced with the predicament that they cannot very well give additional credits to industry which already faces a shrunken and shrinking market, and thus has at present a greater inventory and plant investment than is healthy for it. Likewise, the unemployed, the precariously employed, and the bankrupt farmers are hardly in a position to add to their liabilities with any reasonable degree of assurance even to themselves that they will be able to carry the new any better than they have carried their existing liabilities.

One operation alone seems feasible if panic, bankruptcies and virtual repudiation of the existing mountains of unprofitable paper are to be avoided, purchasing power restored, commerce and industry stimulated, and people allowed to breathe freely again. This is a reduction in capital's strangle hold on the country—specifically a reduction in rates of interest. In a sense this is an extension of credit. It is certainly an easing of credit. It may proceed directly through creditors accepting a smaller return on existing obligations or else through a refunding operation which will allow the retirement of moneys borrowed at a high rate.

Actually this very thing is occurring. The federal reserve banks have led the way. Following two reductions in bankers' acceptances in April, there were three more in May to establish a new low record. Central banks in the federal reserve system set a new low record in discounts quickly following upon the reduction in purchase rates for bankers' acceptances. Money rates generally have dropped to the lowest level for many years. The seeming hardship that this will work on the mass of small savers and investors, will in fact be that wrestling with realities which will be the salvation of their principal.

Simultaneously, the Department of Agriculture reports that in many states there has been an increase in the home production of garden foods, poultry and milk. Contrary to the first impression that this will mean a curtailment of purchasing, it actually means an increase in the funds available for meeting obligations and the purchase of articles other than staple foods. Where something is made to grow where it did not grow before, there has been an increment added to real wealth, provided of course that there is a demand for it, and there seems to be no glutting of the market yet with the above staple commodities.

From all of these things, scattered and in a sense recessional though they may seem, we see grounds for hope. America is emerging from a financial dream of life without labor. There is psychologically in the country as a whole, a rising market on the value of work. This does not mean to say that we are never to achieve leisure. It will mean a more intelligent and productive leisure, instead of the idea that leisure is a matter of trifling, consumption and waste. The country, like the banks, is simply bulging with resources. An inscrutable providence is forging a shrewder, harder, pithier type of American who will be able to hew and carry the riches of his country, and who like his ancestors will have only scorn for the Sybarite.

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WHAT CAN WE DO?

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

In a letter addressed to THE COMMONWEAL *and published last week, Mr. Belloc said: "What do those who ask for revision want those who won the war to do? Until we have an answer to that the discussion is futile." The following paper suggests that much can be done toward rectifying the errors of the Versailles Treaty, not because the defeated nations want it but because the European-American West demands it. The reader should, perhaps, be told that Mr. Shuster's point of view is his own, does not represent editorial opinion, and is primarily a reply to Mr. Belloc.—The Editors.*

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S letter in last week's COMMONWEAL, suggesting that people who favor revision of the Versailles Treaty must define what they want, has interested me deeply. At the risk of being deplorably naive I shall assume that the letter in question is not cynical—in the sense that it suggests the impossibility of defining a revisionist program—but that its author is honestly alarmed at the present condition of Europe and anxious to promote discussion. Being an American quite dissatisfied with his country's present attitude toward other nations, I venture to offer a very personal reply to which no other importance need be attached than this: if a man can reasonably be expected to assume major civic obligations to the best of his ability, then every reason exists why he should devote as much of thought, time and integrity as possible to a situation which threatens to bring the social house down on his head and on the heads of his children.

I begin with three declarations which may seem a little extreme but which are, I believe, correct. First, for as much of the future as one can at present see, Europe has lost Asia. The walls which now shut off Russia will remain intact for at least a generation, unless they suddenly shift westward. India and China have decreed the rout of imperialism, and will gradually evolve two systems with which the West may cooperate in a measure but in which there will be seen primarily the nucleus of a new Asiatic order. Second, it follows that the energies of our civilization must for a while restrict themselves to the properly Western field which was allowed to lie fallow while Europe rushed off to distant conquests. Third, the chaotic nature of this field is due primarily to one fact—the loss by European nations of the sense of ethical obligation to Europe, and the failure of America to understand its ethical obligation to the greater European-American West. It seems to me that anybody who contemplates these facts long enough to grasp them will also discern the implied challenge to Christianity.

The isolation of Asia we cannot any longer prevent. It is our fate and, perhaps, the punishment of our sins. Missionary work will, of course, go hand in hand with martrydom throughout the East, but no doubt we shall have to teach the children of Bengal and Manchuria a way toward Christ that does not lie through Europe. But we can most decidedly find out what are the sources of European and European-American discord. We can see where wrong has been done and struggle to right it. Failure to admit this means, it seems to me, surrender of the essence of the Western outlook. What is our civilization if it be not (a) confidence in man's ability to tell right from wrong; (b) willingness to do the right thing, individually or collectively; (c) scorning of the circumstance that our battle with evil can never end in complete victory

That much of our failure has deep historical roots is evident. Whatever one's interpretation of the Reformation may be, the results to which that movement has led are manifestly bad. Imperialism, too, was a destructive orgy. And rampant nationalism, however glitteringly plastered with *rois soleils,* is a very poor substitute even for feudalism. One cannot too frequently deplore these evils. But it should be obvious that triumphing over them cannot be a matter of committing new social and political mistakes. For instance: the fact that the Reformation broke out in Germany is not by the farthest stretch of the imagination an excuse for limiting Catholicism to the countries where there was no Reformation. That is, first of all, bad history. Secondly, it is bad doctrine. It makes of the mustard tree of the Church something clipped and boxed like a juniper in the garden of Versailles—a Divine thing with which man has tinkered and which simply will not shade the earth. No. The Christian West is still the whole West; and it will attain to greater clarity of faith only by greater clarity in the revelation of its faith through action.

Now the basis of the order upon which we have to work is the utterly erroneous Treaty of Versailles. This was, to begin with, a breach of very specific promises. Beyond that, it was the origin of the cleavage between America and Europe, with all the inconceivably disastrous consequences attendant to that. The two things are so closely related that we can never trace the connection between them too often or too searchingly. At the close of the war, the United States appeared as the armed arbiter of a Continental quarrel. It said to the Germans: we bring the promise of a new world, which means indeed the collapse of your autocratic and militaristic system but which emphatically does not mean the economic and political downfall of your country; we come with a sword which has not exacted the honor of any foe, and with a pledge to the common cause of humanity. This speech was a little vague and it did not have the enthusastic support of more than a section of the American people. But the Germans in the trenches believed it, German

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labor read it with avidity, a German revolution was based upon it. As a result it may conservatively be estimated that weakening of the enemy morale saved a quarter of a million American lives (including, possibly, my own). Then came peace, and after that a treaty which solemnly ignored all promises and imposed upon a humiliated people every ignominy of which might is capable. What had happened? Two things. First, the armies of the United States had really established French hegemony in Europe. But the purposes which France immediately sponsored were dictated by Clemenceau, world's champion pep-talker but as much of a statesman as the head of the homicide squad is a defense attorney. The thesis proposed was this: Germany is not only beaten but guilty; therefore Germany must be punished; and since no penalty can ever equal the crime done, let us exact endless, unlimited torment. Thus one by one the aims of the President were overridden: the Lansing Agreement, outlining the reparations to be paid by the new Reich, was abrogated in favor of terms which far outdistanced the possible but furnished an excuse for invasion and other forms of military pressure; the self-determination idea was applied in a sense favorable to the French and with utter indifference to the rights of German minorities; and the problem of armaments—i.e., of militarism—was left quite untouched.

Now comes the second thing. Having failed to effect a single progressive action it had sponsored, the United States was left without any reason for having entered the war excepting the very mercenary one of protecting the moneys it had advanced to the Allies. This is not often put quite so brutally but it is true. And it followed that those moneys had to be collected if the American people were to look at least something better than half-witted. It seemed then to not a few simple souls that the French should be reasonably grateful for having been handed a victory with hegemony into the bargain; but the French, who looked upon the Americans as friendly companions in arms, were astounded and flung the title of "Shylock" at every "Yankee" within reach. The withdrawal of American sympathy from France has followed, and has today reached such proportions that coöperation between the two people is virtually out of the question. Washington is left with the graceless obligation of collecting its debts from the one country on earth which cannot pay them—Germany. The cultural effects of this situation are particularly bad, but already the economic and social consequences have become perilously concrete, affecting not only general prosperity but also the industrial tradition upon which Central Europe is based. Communism's sole possible foundation is a growing proletariat. And the force-pump being pressed against Germany by the richest nations on earth is extending that proletariat every day.

Everybody knows that there is just a single way out. Revise the treaty! Revise it so as to permit the United States to regain some of the faith in international action lost after 1919, and so as to allay the worst fevers in the European organism. And how should this be done? Here a division suggests itself. There are some things we can do. There are some things we can't do. There are some things we must do, whether we can or not. To the first category there belong ethical changes to be made in the assumptions underlying the treaty. Foremost among these is the question of war guilt. No man in America or England today, if he be relatively conversant with the facts, can believe that the sole or even the major responsibility for the outbreak of the conflict rests on Germany. That theory moreover is outmoded not merely by reason of the documentary evidence but also by what we have seen since the war. There are no intentions which the Germans could have entertained toward other peoples which have not been cherished and put into practice by their vanquishers. If some Frenchmen—by no means all, for large and influential groups in France have long since come to different conclusions—still cling to the old definition of responsibility it is because (quite apart from the practical logic involved) they have no sense of political relativity; because, loyal only to the dogmas of their nation, it has never occurred to them to devote even as much as a careful glance toward that eastern European frontier out of which the war really came and may quickly come again. Their point of view is, however, no longer a light to guide public opinion; it is the target at which this opinion must aim imperturbably, even if there were no better reason than mere honesty.

And if Germany be no longer guilty—and never was excepting in a strict "time" sense—how shall we ask her to continue as if she were? The reparations question must then be seen in the light of the Lansing Agreement; and on this basis it should be submitted to the World Court for a judgment on the ethical and legal obligations of Germany. Such a decision would not itself be a way out of the existing impasse, but it would beyond any question stake the limits within which the problem could finally be settled. Secondly the German boundaries would likewise present themselves in a new light. I am thinking particularly of the Polish annexations. One is, of course, always in danger of being dubbed anti-Polish if one touches upon this matter. But it is not anti-Polish to hold that the Dumbrowski thesis—which was adopted in the "Corridor" and in Upper Silesia—is catastrophically wrong, and that the old, discarded Pilsudski thesis was right. I believe with all my heart that a change here would be the best service anyone could render to contemporary Poland. Nor is there any doubt that Europe could enforce a readjustment here and virtually end a dispute which had its origin in flagrant error and which must lead to war. These things can be done!

To continue with a program which at best could claim the support of some few private individuals would be of no value. Toward all the queries put by Mr. Belloc, and to many more which might be raised,

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I have just one reply to make. The position of the English is the master-key to the situation. Retreating as they must from the far-flung imperial concerns of the past century, the British are of necessity seeking a new domain for their activity in the European-American world. And here they are destined to find fresh outlets for their trade and new uses for their peculiar and remarkable gifts. Notice how free they are of binding ties and commitments. As the empire declines and such problems as that of Ireland are settled, the measure of distance between England and America likewise recedes; and as the Englishman once again becomes English, his Continental significance as a mediator and arbitrator increases. Traveling abroad, I was impressed beyond measure by the ease with which the British find their way about everywhere, and by the unlimited possibilities which their deserved respectability creates. The American is not comparable. Like the Frenchman, though for quite different reasons, he is at bottom bored with anybody excepting himself.

It is already evident that, great as are the services of men like Briand and Stresemann, the most important work for European conciliation has been done by quiet and unostentatious Britishers like Lord d'Abernon in Berlin. No other group of men know the Western situation so well or can judge it so impartially. And I have not the slightest doubt that a picked delegation from among them could, on the basis of observation and reason, suggest a revisionist plan which would get more support in all responsible sections of the world than we now imagine. It seems to me that the time has gone (and thank God for it) when we hit upon some Japanese or Burman visitor to act as the sole possible arbiter of our disputes. Mr. Belloc, to whom we all owe so much, could be put to no better use than by being ordered to explore what his experienced countrymen in the diplomatic and other services have to say. We need, beyond any question, just their catholicism. We need also, possibly more than ever previously, that Catholicism which can never make us forget that service to justice is the sap of the Church's corporate life.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND MONEY

By MAURICE S. SHEEHY

NEITHER in fact nor in fiction have I ever encountered a miserly college student. While my observations have been conditioned by my associations with students in several colleges for men, I think they are well substantiated by those associated with the gentle but not less generous sex. Cardinal Newman includes "the open hand" among the qualities attributed to youth in his "Second Spring." Open-handedness, unfortunately, is not always a virtue; sometimes it is merely irresponsibility in financial matters. The concern manifest in this collegiate era over the fact that four out of five students matriculating at college are destined for the collegiate graveyard should stimulate some soul-stirring researches among those who are responsible for student welfare. The inability of the average college man to handle an allowance causes a great number of these failures, and, while there are no positive statistics, some personnel workers trace 50 percent of the withdrawals from college to this.

A college student often has peculiar attitudes toward money when he has normal attitudes toward everything else. He looks upon money as something both to be acquired and spent with the best economy of effort. Most students today are raised upon a dole system. Father gives his son $5.00 for this party and $10.00 for another, and, in a pinch, mother generally helps out. The number of parents who have the vision to place the child upon a budget system as regards spending money is small. Otherwise, there might be no provocation for this article. Among the many magical transformations the college is supposed to effect is that of changing an irresponsible spendthrift into a parsimonious financier. The college's inability to effect this transformation explains much of the antipathy held toward colleges by the older generation.

While it would be unfair to the rank and file of college students to state that their happiness is dependent largely upon an ample supply of money in their pocket, it is nevertheless true that a college student who has little or no spending money is frequently embarassed. Several years ago Dr. Stewart Paton of Yale University gave utterance to a thought-provoking objective for colleges when he said that the college should teach young people "to sit still, and to stand still, and to enjoy their own society a bit." To young people who have reached that state of Nirvana spending money becomes insignificant. But I fear that many feel when their allowance is gone that the ordinary avenues of campus enjoyment are closed to them—a terrible indictment of the college if factually justified.

As far as I know, only one college has devised a special corrective program for the general financial irresponsibility of youth. At Antioch College every freshman must take a course in financial hygiene, known as "F-1, Personal Accounting and Finance." This course demands that the student balance his expenditure with his income. The freshman must keep on standard forms his personal accounts which are audited by the instructor. Should he fail to live within his income, the student flunks his course.

Administrative attitudes toward the college man's finances have centered and very probably will continue to center upon this important question: Has he paid his fees to the college? I think an educational program

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informing the parents as to the financial aspects of college life might be of great assistance. Ultimately, however, it is the college student's problem, and he must solve it. For his benefit largely I would like to present a few exhibits of collegiate spenders.

The first we shall call Daniel, a young man who comes to college because his father, a bricklayer, who has guessed rightly on the stock market several times, thinks his son should have a certain cultural training. Daniel, sr., feels that when he was young he was cheated out of some of the enjoyments of youth. For one thing he had to work ten hours a day. Were his vision keener, he might discover that the privilege of working ten hours a day for the ones he loved really made his youth the happiest time of his life. At any rate he wants Daniel, jr., to have all the experiences of the younger generation.

Daniel goes to college as an instructed delegation. He is told to make an impression. Father, mother and sisters expect that of him. He must let everyone know that he belongs to the aristocracy of the pocketbook. And he does. For three days he parades around the campus in his father's sixteen-cylinder car. Somewhere Daniel had gained the impression that the make of one's car like the cut of one's clothes had a great deal to do with going to college impressively. And he was right. His father had opened a joint banking account so that his son need never have to worry about bills. The number of Daniels who have been ruined in this way are beyond computation, but Daniel, sr., did not know that.

And so Daniel sets forth on a spending career. Most of his money is spent to purchase something every student desires—the good-will of his classmates. Everything else Daniel sees about the campus has a price, so why not this? Sometimes, if he is at all clever, he must suspect that students who eat with him, drink with him, ride with him and laugh with him, also occasionally laugh at him. But they should not laugh at Daniel. He is one of the few men of his class who are going to college successfully. He is attaining the objective for which he was sent to college. He is making an impression—a bad impression, if you will, but nevertheless an impression. Everyone knows his father has money. There comes a day, however, when Daniel, sr., guesses wrongly as the stock market crashes. Among his liabilities is a son ruined beyond educational redemption.

And then there is Michael. His father has a moderate income and an immoderate ambition, subscribing to the popular American credo that children must have advantages which their parents were not able to enjoy. Michael is told that he has a certain allowance, generous enough if the college catalog is to be believed. He leaves for college with more money in his pocket than he has ever had at his command before—a month's allowance, in fact. Time drags heavily. The first forty-eight hours seem like a month. So he spends his allowance. Then with desolate heart he faces that long, trying freshman novitiate without a cent in his pocket.

Now there are a number of things which Michael may do at this stage. His father might be intrigued by one excuse or another into giving him more money. Or his mother, or his sister, or someone else. He might borrow from a friend, in which case the number of his friends begins to decrease. He might decide to bear the brunt of his folly and to try to do better next month. He might take the next train home. And if he were to consult me, he would take the next train home, for I have observed that students who are unable to spend money wisely are unable to spend time wisely.

And yet I must confess a certain sympathy for this unfortunate lad. His main fault may have been that he was merely trying to be "regular." The first day in college he was set upon by campus racketeers, those collegiate leeches who return to the campus to prey upon unsuspecting, gullible freshmen. "Why everyone subscribes to this," Michael is told. Or, "Every freshman must support the tiddledeewinks club." "You know there's such a thing as school spirit, Mike, and all the fellows are wearing leather-lined pajamas this year." So Michael buys and buys and buys.

There are any number of complications which may set in to aggravate the case of Michael. The first one and the one I fear most is the strain upon relationships at home. For while I have known young men to be happy in college without a bit of spending money, I have never known a student to be happy in college if his relationships with home are strained. And quite often parents fail to understand this fact. They write words that sear and burn which, if uttered at home, might not be taken seriously.

Then there is the case of Hilary, a rather nervous, serious lad with a fair allowance and a flair for spending. He is too honest to borrow money and he does not think that he can conscientiously ask his parents to help him keep up the social pace of the campus. He attempts to solve his difficulty by securing a job which remunerates him to the extent of $.50 an hour. No one who has taught at a college can have anything but admiration for those valiant young people who work their way through college, providing work is necessary to insure their education. If the choice lies between loafing three hours more a day and working three hours at non-scholastic labor, I most heartily recommend the latter. But I also respect a college education sufficiently to protest against the suggestion that time at college is worth but $.50 an hour or, for that matter, $1.00 an hour. It is golden time, time laden with priceless opportunities, providing one has the vision to see them and the desire to take them. Hilary, in working to increase his spending allowance, is cheating himself. He is also cheating the college which has organized the sacrifices and altruism of hundreds into an endowment fund to provide a cheaper education for Hilary.

In 1929 as chairman of the Personnel Committee of the National Catholic Educational Association I requested my confrères, representing thirty-seven differ-

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ent colleges, to give me some case studies. At least a half-dozen cases reported were typified by Hilary. And in each instance he was asked to leave college "for his own good."

Then there is the case of James, the social leader of the campus, the head of one club and the moving factor in another. I shall let his dean describe him:

> Because of his prominence on the campus, he was quite prodigal in his expenditures on dress and social entertainments, especially during his senior year. Various articles of value had been disappearing for some time from student lockers. The students by a ruse apprehended the culprit who, to their amazement, proved to be James. He at first denied the charge; then, confronted with the facts, he admitted his guilt and threw himself upon the mercy of the Student Council with this plea: "I came to college an honest student and because I was successful in athletics and dramatics, I was forced into a position which was financially beyond my means. Many a time I went without a meal to rent a tuxedo. I wanted to be able to hold up my head in the social whirl with the rest of the fellows. I feel that I have been the victim of a false order of things that you students have established here, and upon that basis I ask for special consideration and a chance to make good."

To the credit of the Student Council it must also be added that James won his plea. The Student Council figured that if it had been as zealous in looking after conditions which James suggested as it was in apprehending a culprit, this situation might not have arisen. The financial crisis of the campus is not merely a problem of a student but of the students. Where the 5 percent of the student body who have an unlimited spending allowance are permitted to set the pace for the 95 percent who have not such a spending allowance, then thievery, the business of passing bad checks, and trickery will ever be conspicuous.

For the benefit of students who are embarking upon collegiate careers and finding financial exigencies an unforeseen problem, I would like to make the following suggestions.

(1) If a student must work his way through college in whole or in part, let him first assure himself that this effort will not mean a strain upon his character. Sometimes there may be a strain upon mental or physical health. The problem which interests me most is: What will be the reaction of the young man who is forced to give up the usual campus pleasures and recreations? Can he work in a clothing store while the team is playing football without a little bitterness in his heart? If not, might it not be better for him to stay out of college until he can afford both to study and to play as students normally do?

(2) Many times I have been asked by parents, "How much spending money should my boy have?" It is hard to set an exact amount. The financial and social status of the parents, the location of the college, the customs of the campus, all help to determine the amount. For five years I taught in a smaller college where strict discipline is the rule and there, I am convinced, over $20.00 a month above the necessities of life would harm the student. In my present position at a larger university I am quite convinced that the student who has twice that amount for a spending allowance will be so busy spending that he cannot study properly.

(3) Every student should be counseled to examine himself on this question, "Why am I spending so much money at college?" If the student is honest, he will sometimes admit that it is simply because at college he is making a failure, in attaining either curricular or extra-curricular aspirations, and his excessive expenditures are compensatory measures. Among the many valued statistics about college men gathered by Father O'Hara of Notre Dame University are those contrasting the spending allowances of frequent with infrequent communicants. As might be expected, those who were constantly at peace with God were able "to sit still, and to stand still, and to enjoy their own society a bit."

(4) All of our colleges are teaching courses in economics. One of the movements of general interest is that represented in the Consumers' Union. Why should there not be a "Consumer's Union" on the campus to set the scale of prices for dance, dress and other incidental features of college life? Only in this way may those merchants be restrained who capitalize upon the prodigality of college students.

(5) My last suggestion may not appeal to those of certain worldly tendencies. I am in favor of an Association of Hobos on every campus. "We have them," a dean told me, "but why organize them?" Now the first hobo union of which I heard in collegiate spheres, had a very exalted purpose. Every member was pledged not to spend money for a certain length of time and then to spend but a limited amount. Moreover, he was not allowed to borrow during this period. The result of the experiment was that students went hiking who normally went to movies, while others who before had spent all their time and money in "going to town," discovered the possibilities of the libraries, with the centuries of the world's best entertainment and information there accumulated for them.

When a Man Turns Homeward

When a man turns homeward though the moon fall
Swift in his path like a meteor bright,
Kindling his wonder and blinding his sight,
His feet will go on, his heartbeats will call
Deep in his breast like quick music, and all
The darkness that swirls like a flame of dead light
Cannot fetter his feet turned homeward at night.
Past thicket and trees like a towering wall
He will go on over hillside and stone,
Clinging like hope to the road that he knows;
Groping along like a shadow, alone,
He will reach for the latch where a candle,
gold-eyed,
Watches with her for the door that will close
Leaving the world like a kitten outside!

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

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KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON

By HESTER SIGERSON PIATT

MY MEMORIES of Katherine Tynan go back to the years of my girlhood when she used to appear in our gloomy city house, radiant in rosy health and full of life and laughter, to bear me off for a week end or longer, to her country home beneath the Dublin mountains. I particularly remember a Holy Week spent at Whitehall, Clondalkin—that long, low house, half a thatched cottage, where she lived then. It was a golden week in a late Lent and we made our devotions together, walking to the holy quiet of the country church along white roads framed in the young green of the spring hedgerows and musical with the songs of nesting birds. How often she comes back in her songs to that countryside with homesick love!

Since I have lost the mountains I
Look for them in a waste of sky
And think to see at the street's close
The lovely line of blue and rose
The mountains keep that once I knew.

She was, all her life, a most ardent Catholic. I do not think she was ever troubled with doubts or uncertainty, she had the unquestioning faith of a child. Religion was part of her daily life and the love of God burned steadily in her heart.

Though much of her life was spent in England for her work's sake, yet she always returned to Ireland with joy and a sort of relief. In spite of her many friendships in London, the life there, with its lax outlook on religion and morals, was in a sense alien to her, especially of late years. She breathed more freely in her native atmosphere. For she loved Ireland truly in her own way, though it was not the way of those who wrought and fought for freedom. She loved best the tranquil old Ireland of her girlhood where there seemed to be nothing fiercer than election clashes, with Home Rule the great objective. Nevertheless, she was a member of the Ladies Land League in its day, and all her loyalty was roused to uphold Charles Stewart Parnell, especially after the split. In one of her patriotic poems, "To the Dark Rose," she says:

Though all my loves of old have passed away
And lie at rest wrapped in your holy clay
I do not, therefore, love you less or more
Seeing I love you for yourself, asthore:
My own land, with your misty vales and hills,
Where my heart wanders by the happy rills.

Yes, she truly loved Ireland and in her last illness she longed piteously to return to her native land, as the sick child longs for its mother's breast.

She wrote a great many charming, innocent novels. She knew that they would have been more successful if they had been less innocent, but she had a distaste for realism and a loathing for suggestive and evil writings.

I think it was Clement Shorter who said she was a great journalist, but the work of a journalist is ephemeral, and it is by her poetry she should be remembered.

In it she put the best of herself: her living faith; her warm and loving heart; her tenderness for children; her pity for the suffering of weak and helpless things; her joy in the beauty of the world in which she saw God manifest.

When the great affliction of partial blindness came upon her some years ago, when she could no longer read and saw only through a mist, her uncomplaining patience in face of such terrible disaster (especially to a literary woman) was very wonderful. In her little poem, "The Purblind Praises the Lord," she makes her affliction a cause of praise and rejoicing.

Her friendships were many and enduring—Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, Bliss Carmen and many more I met when staying with her at her first little home in Ealing, near London, where she used to write every morning in the long garden behind the house, all that far-off golden summer. She was a hard worker, but work was a joy to her, and her life on the whole was a very full and happy one. She had no fear of death, I think, her faith and hope were so strong, but she felt the coming of old age, as every imaginative woman must. Only the last time she was in Ireland she said to me: "There is nothing dreadful in death, it is old age that is the real tragedy."

She has left us her "Epitaph":

Write on my grave when I am dead,
Whatever road I trod,
That I admired and honorèd
The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
The greatest and the least,
Each day with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat
Which takes the lowest place
I gave Him grace when I did eat
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed
Which else must waste and die,
With sun and stars replenishèd
And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Brimmed that immortal cup;
And when I went by fields and trees
My heart was lifted up.

Lap me in the green grass and write
Upon the daisied sod
That still I praised with all my might
The wondrous works of God.

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Places and Persons

MYSTERIOUS MIXTECA

By JOHN NEWMAN PAGE

THE PAN-AMERICAN HIGHWAY, linking the continents of North and South America with the bonds of neighborly communion and understanding, will be in service by the first of the coming year as far south as Oaxaca City.

Undoubtedly the most interesting region to be opened to American tourists by that splendid intercontinental road is the little-known Mixteca territory. Located principally in the southern Mexican state of Oaxaca but overlapping into the contiguous states of Puebla and Guerrero, this district—twice the size of Connecticut—is untouched by railroads at any point, and its first motor road is the Pan-American Highway.

Automobilists who speed hurriedly through "mysterious Mixteca" will see some wonderful mountain scenery, but little more than that. Those who loiter a bit here and there will see and hear things that are interesting, amusing, instructive and even puzzling, for the Mixteca country is a land of strange customs and stranger legends.

The mountain-top towns will be one of the first things to challenge the interest of Americans. Towns of the United States are located on the seacoasts, along useful rivers or in pleasant valleys, but tourists in the Mixteca territory may be certain that the highest, ruggedest mountain peak visible is the site of an Indian village—and of one older than St. Augustine, Florida.

Americans who mourn at funerals at home will be invited by Mixtecans to dance at them, and should they accept they will have need of all their self-control to keep from getting drunk. They will see Mixteca maidens bathing in rivers and creeks, with the brilliant midday sun beating down upon their glistening brown bodies, and be told by these maidens that lipsticks and powder puffs are immoral. They will see triple-purpose cows working in the fields, yoked to plows which are but pointed wooden sticks; they will be told tales of buried treasure with curses placed upon it, and natives will whisper to them about gold mines worked by the rulers of ancient Mixteca kingdoms.

Wherever Americans go they will be received by the Mixteca Indians with friendship and courtesy. If they call on the *presidente municipal,* or mayor, that pleased functionary is apt to summon the village council to meet the *distinguidos Americanos.* In certain of the more remote towns the natives will insist upon kissing their hands.

Any male American of the proper age who stops overnight in a Mixteca town is likely to be proposed to before he can get away in the morning, usually through the good offices of one of the native officials. The official may suggest some particular girl who has seen the American and fancies him, or he may invite the traveler to "take his pick." Acceptance of such an invitation means marriage, nothing less.

Reference was made at the beginning of this article to the characteristic mountain-top location of Mixteca towns. There was an excellent reason for that when the towns were founded—the necessity for defensive strength. During the centuries preceding the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, the Mixteca territory was divided into several petty kingdoms. Sometimes they united for war against some common enemy and at others they warred with each other, so there were times when each of these towns needed its natural defensive strength, aided by the stout hearts of its warriors, to keep it from being captured and ravaged by enemies.

Tilantongo and Achiutla were the most prominent of these petty kingdoms. Because of almost impregnable mountain-top positions both these towns resisted every attack of their enemies, including the "all-conquering" Aztecs, and maintained their independence right down to the time when their kings abdicated voluntarily and accepted baptism as Christian subjects of the Spanish throne. It is interesting to note that these kingdoms were never conquered, even by the Spaniards.

The reason for their mountain-top situations has disappeared but most Mixteca towns remain where originally located, partly from pride, but principally from inertia. Nochiztlán is an exception. This town moved down-hill to the small stream which winds around the base of the eminence on which it formerly was located on the Pan-American Highway, and from the beginning of the new year it will be in close touch with the civilized world.

Tilantongo and Achiutla were mountain-top towns in the beginning and doubtless will remain so until the end of time. Much more important than Nochixtlán originally, they are forgotten villages now, with a once-a-week mail service recently granted by the grace of an unusually progressive Mexican government. Last week there were eight letters in the outgoing mail from Tilantongo—and six were provided by the writer of this article.

The extensive Mixteca region is so mountainous that even its valleys are some thousands of feet above sea-level. The climate is delightfully cool and healthy. Bed blankets are necessary every night of the year, though the first frosts do not come until well into October. The rarefied mountain atmosphere has resulted in a race of men and women considerably above the Mexican average in stature, with broad shoulders and

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deep chests. The women are home-lovers and are seldom to be seen except when one passes their adobe houses, and then they are usually busy about their household. The men like to go visiting and are not hard workers, though their primitively tilled cornfields are kept fairly free from weeds

Mixteca Indians are incessant talkers and great story-tellers. Some of their tales, handed down from father to son for hundreds of years, check surprisingly well with the little said of ancient Mixtecans by Spanish and Mexican historians; others are on the borderline of fact and fiction, while still others are frankly fabulous.

Any Tilantongan will tell you unhesitatingly that the last king of Tilantongo was Ocanaña, or "Twenty Tigers" in the Mixteca tongue. There are only two Spanish historians who will tell you as much. But your Tilantongan will go on to tell you that Ocanaña hid the palace treasures before abdicating to the Spanish, and that they are to be found today by anyone who cares to dig for them in the ruins of the royal palace, now covered by a cornfield. Tilantongans are afraid to dig into the dirt-covered ruins because of a "seven-headed serpent which guards the buried treasure."

Mixteca Indians are especially fond of relating the fabulous origin of their race. Without the slightest trace of a smile on their broad, rounded countenances, they will tell the story of the god of fertility and reproduction which was pursued by the fire god, a stronger deity, and sought refuge in the leafy bower of a gigantic *ahuehuete* tree. The fire god searched throughout the forest in which the tree stood, but without result. Then, in his wrath, he tried to burn the forest down, but the rain god intervened. When the peril had passed, the grateful god of fertility asked the *ahuehuete* tree what boon it wished in return for its shelter in the hour of need.

"Oh god of fertility and reproduction," the *ahuehuete* said, "long centuries have I loved that stately juniper tree whose branches I can barely caress when the wind god howls hardest. Grant, I pray thee, that we may wed and have offspring with forms like unto thine."

"Much hast thou asked," the god replied, "but great is my gratitude. Wed the juniper thou shalt, and children shalt thou have. Like unto the gods shalt they be in form, but mortal. Ask no more."

From this union of the *ahuehuete* with the juniper, the legend runs, sprang the first human beings, who were Mixtecans. The trees are even now to be seen, near the little Mixteca town of Apoala. Mixtecans formerly came from far points of the territory to pay reverence to their "arboreal ancestors."

Such visits have not entirely ceased but reverence, under the teachings of the Catholic Church, has given way to curiosity. The Church, of course, has educated the Mixteca Indians out of any real belief in the tree fable and other such legends but, being natural story-tellers they like to pretend, even now, that they might have been true.

Some of the unwritten Mixteca traditions concerning kings who lived and ruled centuries ago are so circumstantial that it is difficult to dismiss them as unworthy of consideration. The tradition that Sahoeninaña, eighteenth king of Tilantongo, and King Atonaltzin of Coixtlahuaca united to defeat an invading Aztec army commanded by Montezmua Ylhuicamina (the first), is confirmed by written history, which states that the event occurred in a battle fought December 6 to 8, 1445.

The tradition that Ocanaña, twentieth king of Tilantongo, abdicated and pledged allegiance to the Spanish throne, also is borne out by written history. But the further assertion that before abdicating he buried most of the royal treasure in the palace cellars and placed a curse on it, has no such support. Is that merely artistic embellishment, or does the treasure still lie buried under the palace ruins?

The writer, typing this final paragraph in his tent, within a hundred yards of the rounded mound which covers the ruins of the palace, does not know. And since it looks like a two-year pick-and-shovel job for one man, he does not propose to find out.

ENDING IMPERIALISM

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

ON April 16, Secretary Stimson telegraphed the American legation at Managua, and our consul at Bluefields that the United States government could not undertake a general protection of Americans in Nicaragua with our armed forces. His telegram carried a recommendation that Americans who did not feel safe from bandit attacks under the protection given by the Nicaraguan government through the National Guard, organized and trained by marine officers, should either pack up and leave the country, or move to the coast towns where they could find safety under the guns of American naval vessels. Representing as it did a sharp change from the stand taken by former President Calvin Coolidge in his speech to the United Press on April 27, 1927, the new policy of the administration has been attacked by many editorial writers and by several members of Congress in published interviews.

Said former President Coolidge in his 1927 speech:

> The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain even when abroad. . . . There is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting governments to afford protection to the persons and property of their citizens wherever they may be.

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Now, critics of the administration declare, Hoover and Stimson have thrown overboard the Coolidge policies, and henceforth the strong arm of this government will not be extended to defend the person and the property of its citizens in the troubled interiors of the Central American and Caribbean republics.

Because of the broad international considerations involved, and because of its bearings upon our future relations with Latin America, the administration's new policy marks one of the most important of its decisions in the field of foreign affairs. Carried to its logical conclusion, the Coolidge doctrine would necessarily imply the interposition of our armed forces in the interior of any country whose constituted authorities fail to provide the necessary safeguards for the persons of American citizens and their property. As our past experience in the Caribbean and in Central America so plainly shows, military operations in the interior for these purposes often lead to political intervention, loss of life, and heavy expenditures of money. The present administration makes it plain that it does not propose to assume such difficulties and committments. Beyond the water's edge, it does not care to go, except in special cases.

Its critics now declare that the administration has refused to protect American citizens in Central America, and that it has turned them over to bandits and outlaws. Such criticism has a validity only in so far as it is a fact that the Washington government will not spend the blood and treasure of the American people to tame the Nicaraguan jungle, nor will it place the lives of American marines in jeopardy to prevent damage to property of the American capitalists in the interior. Beyond that, however, there is nothing in the declaration of spokesmen for the administration to indicate that it will refuse to use its armed forces to protect American citizens in the troubled areas. Uncle Sam will not hereafter perform a policeman's job in guarding American property in the hinterland, but this government reserves its right under accepted principles of international law and practice to take whatever steps it may deem advisable to protect its citizens, even in special cases to guard their property. Secretary Stimson has been very insistent on this. Criticism of the Hoover-Stimson policy, therefore, when reduced to its lowest terms, rests only on the announcement that American marines and blue-jackets will not be rushed inland every time there is a revolution, a riot or a threat of bandit attacks.

Hundreds of millions of American dollars are invested in Central America and the Caribbean. American money has gone into many forms of industrial enterprises. The region is one where political stability is the exception, rather than the rule; there is no need to give here the reasons for this political instability and the frequent breakdown of local law-enforcing agencies. All students of international affairs know that it exists, and that it has been one of the perennial problems which faces the Department of State, whether the Democrats or the Republicans happen to be in charge of the machinery of government. An examination of the record nevertheless reveals few cases where American sailors and marines have been landed in Central America or the Caribbean primarily to guard the property of American capitalists. The protection of the lives of its citizens has nearly always been the main reason for this intervention—the exercise of a well-recognized right under international law. If property has been guarded by American bayonets, and neutral zones set up in periods of revolutionary disturbance, the protection as a rule has been incidental to the larger purpose of safeguarding American men, women and children.

The property owner invariably has a legal means of redress, if he suffers material losses because of the breakdown of the local police agencies. Claims commissions of various sorts have been operating for many years; and this government, through the machinery of the Department of State, usually stands ready to push the legitimate claims of its citizens for damages arising from loss or injury to their property, whether in Central America or in Europe. The department handles millions of dollars of such claims for its citizens every year. When an American sailor or marine is killed in trying to protect property, a human life is snuffed out, a loss for which there would be no compensation in all the fabled gold of Midas. Military intervention in behalf of property owners means the loss of lives of those who wear the uniform of the republic. Do these weigh less in the scale than an occasional loss to the American property owner? Hoover and Stimson believe not.

Broader international questions are involved in the new policy. The economic and financial expansion of the United States southward has aroused both the fears and suspicions of Latin Americans. "Yankee imperialism" is an often-repeated cry; and through South American eyes, what is most to be feared is an economic penetration that proceeds under the protection of American bayonets and warships. Our military and naval power has kept pace with our growth in population and our industrial development. If we choose to mobilize it, that power exceeds that which any group of Latin-American republics could bring to bear to meet it.

When President Hoover took over the reins of the national administration, he lost little time in emphasizing the fact that he proposed to cultivate as friendly relations as possible with the other republics of the western hemisphere. Closer cultural and trade ties go hand in hand with his program. The new intervention policy would seem to fit in with that program. For he and his Secretary of State have made it quite clear that we do not propose to take advantage of the present disturbed conditions in Nicaragua to establish a protectorate over that republic, or to take over any greater political responsibilities there than we have already assumed in agreeing to supervise next

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year's elections in that republic. Whatever else it may have done, the new intervention doctrine has done much to convince thinking Latin Americans that we have not gone into Nicaragua in order to control the country completely if and when the time should come for us to build a second isthmian canal along the route recently surveyed by a detachment of American army engineers.

International trade rests in part at least on international good-will. The success of the Chinese in their boycotts against British and Japanese goods is a useful reminder that a people have other methods of retaliation than armed force. If the United States decided to intervene by force in the affairs of every Central American or Caribbean country every time there was a breakdown in the normal processes of government, in order to place a ring of sentries around every piece of American property, human nature being what it is, we would lay up for ourselves a steadily increasing burden of suspicion and ill-will.

Competition for the trade of Latin America grows keener year by year; the Prince of Wales, for example, after his recent trip to those countries, is reported to have returned to London with orders for $50,000,000 worth of British goods in his pocket. By acting in such a way as to lessen Latin-American suspicions of our aims, the administration has helped to create that spirit of good-will and friendliness which is so basic an element in international trade. In the case of any of the larger countries, it would be out of the question, of course, in the face of any real opposition, to protect American property away from the water's edge. And an attempt to do so might have disastrous results on our trade with that particular country.

The new policy is parallel to that which we have followed in China, where there has been a virtual breakdown of government for several years. Little criticism has been directed against the Washington government because it is unwilling to send to China a large overseas expedition to provide protection for the lives and property of every American citizen of that country. Washington has warned American nationals in the interior that, to be safe, they must come down to the treaty ports. Hundreds have done so. American cruisers, gunboats and destroyers extend protection to all Americans at the ports. This program assures a reasonable degree of protection to the bulk of our nationals now resident in China; and it has made unnecessary the despatch of military expeditions into various parts of the interior, with their risks and hazards.

The situation which existed in Nicaragua in 1926 was a good deal different from that of today. The problem which now faces our government is not how to protect its citizens in Nicaragua from a civil war but from murder and assassination. In 1926 two armies faced each other on the east coast of Nicaragua. Both armies accepted the rules of warfare, and agreed to protect neutrals and neutral property. The United States solved the problem by the establishment of neutral zones; and the commanders of both armies agreed to keep out of these zones. Now on the other hand, small groups of "confessed outlaws," in the words used by Secretary Stimson, from their refuges in the Nicaraguan jungle have embarked upon marauding expeditions, to murder and pillage civilians. Under these conditions, the protection of Americans in the interior region off the east coast is practically impossible without a large expeditionary force. So the State Department issued its warning that American citizens can only be given protection if they come down to the seacoast.

Meanwhile, under American officers, and with the help of a detachment of marine aviators, the Nicaragua Guardia, a force of about two thousand men, has assumed the responsibility of maintaining law and order, and upon its shoulders will fall the full burden when the Washington administration carries out its plans, already announced, for the withdrawal of our marines from Nicaragua. Made up of Nicaraguans familiar with the conditions of jungle warfare, the Guardia, American officials believe, are much better qualified to bring Sandino and his men to justice than American marines would be. If the Guardia lives up to the hopes placed in it, not only will it be successful in cleaning up the bandit-infested area on the east coast, but it will also be able to provide hereafter protection for the persons and the property of Americans and other foreigners resident in Nicaragua.

The test of the pudding is in the eating. The new policy of the administration cannot be judged until its results are known. Much of the current criticism is based on a misunderstanding, for this government proposes to give its citizens in Nicaragua as much protection as in China. Intervention merely in the interests of property owners will not be authorized, except in unusual cases.

Moon and Swan

The moon is innocent and white
And my heart feels no pain,
The moon is like a swan tonight,
The hawthorns drop white rain

And night is gentle with the world
And dark comes softly down,
The Suir is low beside the quay
And June is in the town.

Two swans were here at noon,
Two swans are sailing still—
One glides among the silent reeds
And one above the hill

And for a while I can forget
As summer calls to spring
The beauty burdened with a song
That I must always sing.

EILEEN SHANAHAN.

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STYLE AND STORY-TELLING

By BENEDICT FITZPATRICK

WHEN I was a boy I conceived a strong desire to write well. Words at that time appeared among the most important things in creation and out of them I drew unending delight. The dramatic soliloquies of Shakespeare, the sonnets of Wordsworth, the essays of Macaulay, the letters of Junius —they tesselated my afternoon conversation and gesticulated in my nightly dreams.

Partly because, I suppose, I was undecided between a shining future in some cathedral pulpit and a destiny as arbiter of empire on the Treasury bench of the House of Commons, my particular Ciceronian heroes were Newman and Burke. I was seldom without a copy of either somewhere near at hand. I thundered Burke's periods from the tops of innumerable imaginary rostra. I could repeat in falsetto chest tones whole pages of Newman that I knew by heart.

Down the vista of the years I can see myself in the old library at Ushaw—where once sat Lingard and Francis Thompson and Lafcadio Hearn—dead to the world, dreading the restiveness that preceded the night bell, thrilled to the soul with the noble eloquence of the "Apologia," driven to distraction by the Shakespearean light and strain from heaven.

Looking over the volumes of an old literary cyclopaedia, a *praemium primum ob scriptas exercitationes* of the time which by some miracle still remains with me, neglected for years, what appear the more magnificent passages, particularly in the field of parliamentary eloquence, speak from the pages today with strange familiarity. And indeed for years I made it a constant practice to take note of every striking phrase I met. As a boy it struck me that I was reproducing the heroic elocution of those old heroic intellects with tolerable fidelity, even though I was conscious of a considerable haze over what it was all about.

Part of the habit and much of the interest has remained through the years. In dealing with a subject in which I have taken a vital interest, the subject has usually been first and the expression second. But where that absorbing interest has been lacking in the theme, where, for example, I have been writing a potboiler or finishing off something that was merely routine, I have often worked extraordinarily hard in sheer delight over the mere phrasing. When I was still in my early twenties I became assistant foreign editor on a London daily newspaper, which at that time numbered on its staff Edgar Wallace, Philip Gibbs, Valentine Williams and others since notable in letters. In that job my real work lasted from nine to eleven at night when cablegrams arrived in immense quantities from Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg and other capitals. Having been to and fro on the Continent a good deal, I was the linguist of the office, and as most of the despatches were in languages other than English I had to translate and edit them. Merely to do that however I could not endure. A bad sentence gave me a sense of disgrace. The result was that I could barely let them go till they were in the smoothest idiomatic English, often to the indignation of the leader writers, for we went to press about twelve. The intense effort repeated night after night weakened me considerably, and looking back I see that I was approaching something like a physical breakdown, though I was too stupid about health matters to have been aware of it at the time.

Thinking things over today, I am not quite sure that this was not all a mistake. I am not referring to the effort involved but rather to its direction. What is called "style" in literature often appears to be in good part the luxury of excess effort. It is something of primary interest to the literati most of all. It carries with it a suggestion of art for art's sake. It is usually something beyond the direct business of having something to say and knowing how to say it. It is saying it indeed in one of the best of a variety of possible ways. But the weak element is the tendency often to lose sight of the audience. Yet the audience is an even more important element than the speaker. A great message greatly enunciated may indeed dazzle an audience, but if mere brilliancy is the principal effect, who could be satisfied with that? The question is: Does the message reach the understanding of the audience? Does it stir the heart? Does it find a home there in whole or in part? Does it rouse the interior interest? Does it sink deep enough to influence the attitude and conduct? A figure of speech may be superbly barbed, but if it goes wide of the mark what part does it play in the battle?

For these reasons, considering the art of communication, I have come partly to the view that the ambitious student occupies himself with what we may call the great literary stylists too exclusively and at too early a date. The great essayists, the great preachers and theologians, the great poets and historians, the great controversialists and philosophers—it requires an adult mentality and the experience of a lifetime even inadequately to appreciate them. It appears a mistake for a young man to make them his chief models. Their inspired utterances may well bewitch him, but he cannot possibly do more than understand them in part. It is the words themselves, the majesty of enunciation, the march and rhythm of their sentences, not original even in them, that intoxicate him. And there is always the danger that his imitation may remain a mere verbal imitation, an accent of magniloquence that may remain with him through life, in which his real audience is constituted not by his visible hearers or his invisible readers but by himself.

The case is different with the story-tellers. The story is at once the most infantile and the most effective form of human speech. Whether an Arabian Nights fable, or an anecdote, or a fairy-tale, or a piece of fiction, or the story of a life, or a newspaper report, or a national history, the temptation appears always to keep the hearer and the reader strictly in mind. It can barely fail to reach its audience, if it is a real story and is properly told. For the material of a genuine story is constituted of human action and motive and speech, and of all things these are most comprehensible to human kind. Indeed the most effective teachers the world has known have thrown their teaching into the form of a story. The Platonic dialogues and the parables of the New Testament come at once to mind.

Considering these things, the art of the story-teller, whether of fiction or truth, which in graver mood has appeared an agreeable waste of emotion and time, has lately assumed an importance which I formerly did not give to it. I am not sure that the study of rhetoric, in its largest sense, should not be built around it. It appears something of a peril to attach undue value to an instrument and a technique that at the moment is filling the world with trash. But a method of writing and speech so effective beyond others in winning its audience, may well be invested with every kind of importance. In future, speaking for myself, I am inclined to think that if I had something to say that appeared manifold and weighty I would use the form of the essay. But if the subject was of human interest and I sought to influence the attitude and move the heart, I would, if I could, use the novel or some dramatic form.

Of course a theme is apt to take its own natural and effective form. But the point is that among the writers of fiction and drama there is little room for the literary stylist. A style, where it is something more than a writer's natural accent, an

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overflow of the play of his character and mind, the mere way and by-product of his gesture and speech—where, in short, it is something subtly overadded and conscious and contrived—would in pure story-telling prove an almost fatal impediment. The cases of Stendhal and Henry James and Walter Pater are striking examples of too much yielding to its perilous inefficacy. These prophets, too much enamored of their own voices, too obviously constituting themselves their own chief audiences, have found but few others willing to give them ear.

OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE

By KATHERINE BURTON

SHE STANDS facing the wide river, in quiet peace and steadfast enduringness. Tall and white and brooding, no crown on her head, no baby in her arms, only a scattered marble rose or two at her feet, she waits. There is no impatience in her waiting, no confusion in her stillness.

In front of her the square of garden stretches, walled round by a hedge that does not shut out the world, but only separates the world from the peace within. A great sycamore, so ancient it looks eternal, droops beside her, and at her left is the chapel, warm with prayers and love, where her Son is throned. Round her all day is sound; close to her walk Sisters in black and purple going to greet her Son, or hurrying to answer a call to help a soul torn with pain and doubt, or to rejoice with one whose heart the grace of her Son at length has reached.

Sometimes for long, lovely minutes no one passes. And then there come other sounds, another awareness. Out on the shining river the swift little cruisers cut the water and the heavy ferry boats amble to the other shore. In the sky an airplane drones homeward like a humming bird against blue clematis. Below the trains creak and groan along the embankment, and along the Drive the motor cars stream and stop, obedient to the signal lights of red and green.

Once all these machines were dreams in the brain of a man. Leonardo's bird embodied floats here; the dreams of Watts and Fulton go darting by. And countless others, many nameless, brought their visions to actuality and here the results skim and float like mechanical fauna sprung from some great parent machine.

Our Lady watches them all serenely—all these machines that man has dreamed into being and shaped to reality, with which he has assuaged his restlessness and added to it. She knows the rest beyond the restlessness. She knows the dream that is its own accomplishment. For, even as men have carried in their hearts their little dreams, so she has carried the great Dream, the one, did they but know it, that holds them all.

The visions of men are accomplished and yield to other dreams. The world turns them and reshapes them, as a revolving kaleidoscope creates and re-creates forms and combinations of light and color. Her Dream needs no reshaping, for it is all light and color, all dream and all accomplishment.

She watches them flit by her, watches them start and stop and alter, as for thousands of years she has watched these and many others like them. She knows their restlessness, for her heart is human and knows human longings and hopes. But in her there is no restlessness, no haste, no fear. She has no need of haste. Her Dream, that has always been reality and yet will ever remain dream, neither begins nor ends. She knows that to her all dreams must turn at the last, that one day men, grown weary and understanding, will build of their dreams an unselfish offering to her, which passing facts cannot fade. And the little actualities they have evolved that change with the swift centuries will be no more, but with the dreams behind the actualities they may climb closer to her lofty height of self-forgetting. And then they will know how all their dreams were only steps by which they could reach her side.

Each man, until loneliness and understanding come to him, feels that his dream is the only one, the one that will remake the world, that will make him famous forever. Not until misunderstanding and loss bring humility will he know how he has always drawn his dream from her and that to her it must return if it is to keep its value.

When the gift came from her it was unselfish and clean; man has soiled it with his selfishness and hopes for gain, but when he learns at last that he has only borrowed and not created, when his desire becomes unselfish as hers was unselfish, then he will lose a little and gain much. His eyes are too holden, his pride in himself and his achievements is too strong, to see or acknowledge that now. He must be willing as she must be willing. He must learn to give and not to take.

White and serene she stands, facing the Palisades, and the busy little boats and the swooping planes and the pulsing motors and trains. At her feet at last, where the roses rest, into her hands at last, where the prayers wait, the dreamers will bring their dreams, as all things must come at last to her who is our life, our sweetness and our hope, and who holds forever in her heart life's one Reality, life's only Dream.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE 100-PERCENT AMERICAN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Last Sunday I stopped for Mass in a small church and listened to the pastor tell "the 100-percent Americans in this congregation" that if they would not obey him, he would have recourse to a state law covering the matter in question.

I am deeply interested in the growing use of the phrase "100-percent American." To some it seems to mean a person who is not only Protestant but anti-Catholic; to others it seems to mean one who is lawless and will suffer no restraint and will recognize no authority. I wonder if it is not one of those valuable surface indications of a deeper current, which ought to be analyzed.

There is, of course, a shade of truth in the second usage of the phrase, even if one declines to admit the first; but it is a shade of truth only, and distorted at that, as all American history is habitually distorted in our schools.

A great many of our text-books and a large number of statistical and other works on immigration emphasize so strongly the "racial group origins" of American citizenship that the simple fact is lost concerning the foundation of the United States: the English colonies were English. That is a fact so distasteful to a great many newer Americans that every possible effort is being made to hide or destroy it.

In spite of that, the English colonies were English, and unlike the growing overseas colonial empires that were England's rivals and predecessors in the colonial movement, they were extraordinarily liberal: we admitted others than people of English origin provided they conformed to our laws and customs and general ideas, and we had pronounced and definite ideas about the relation of government to the individual. I suppose that one might define the "100-percent American" of colonial days as the man who was continuing successfully the struggle of his English ancestors to put government in its proper relation to the individual and keep it there. "Jeffersonian democracy," if it means any-

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thing, means the realization by Jefferson and those of his school that free will and conscience are the twin roots of citizenship and that until and unless these are healthy a man is not yet fit for self-government, and consequently must be governed. The "100-percenter" was a self-governing individual—not a governed one nor a lawless one; as long as accretions to our population were made by individuals and by small numbers, that basic point of view did not change, in spite of the presence here from the beginning of settlement of numbers of people who resented apprenticeship to be full citizens. That element played its part in the Revolution and in the later following of Jackson.

A very radical change was effected, however, when new potential citizens began to arrive in great numbers and settled in distinct racial groups without contacts with the thought and customs which had produced the community into which they entered and of which they were to become a part. It was in part their aloofness, and in part their habit of being governed, their "foreignness" to American thought, that began to cause antagonism to them, and that in turn produced antagonistic reaction in them.

It was that new racial group composition which prevented full assimilation of the fundamental ideas which created Americanism and which brought about the paradoxical situation we have today: the very eagerness of people who had no part in our origins to enjoy those things we created here threatens to destroy those things by sheer weight of trampling numbers.

I believe in "100-percent Americanism," but I believe in it as it was created by Americans, not as distorted by ignorance of America. There is nothing incompatible between Catholicism and citizenship based upon conscience and free will. There is, between Catholicism and lawlessness.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ANIMAL ACTORS

Hancock, N. H.

TO the Editor: In your comment on the lion-in-the-schoolroom incident, in your current issue, you say that it "carries its own lesson"; and then you go on to discuss "Animal Actors."

That is one lesson, of course; but with all due concern for the animals, it seems to me that perhaps there is an even more important lesson, relating to the children.

The incident might be taken to carry the lesson that our American secular educators cannot be trusted not to introduce danger into the schoolroom; and perhaps some of their introductions might prove to be even more dangerous to the children than lions—who knows?

FOSTER STEARNS.

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As a supplement to your editorial "Animal Actors," this poem by Ralph Hodgson:

> "'Twould ring the bells of heaven
> The wildest peal for years,
> If parson lost his senses
> And people came to theirs
> And he and they together
> Knelt down with angry prayers
> For tamed and shabby tigers
> And dancing dogs and bears,
> And wretched, blind pit ponies,
> And little hunted hares."

E. S. H.

PACIFIST PSYCHOLOGY

London, England.

TO the Editor: As the editor of the *World Tomorrow* who was responsible for printing the quotation about the slaughter of German war prisoners, to which you take exception in your issue of April 29, I should like to agree with you to the extent of expressing regret over having used it in the detached way I did. But you only amuse me when you say, with sublime insight—for you seem to have no other source of knowledge—"Now, of course, that never happened." My retort to this would be, "Don't be naive." If you mean to say that there was ever a war when prisoners were not killed, permit me to have a grim laugh. I have probably spent more years studying the history of war than you have weeks. And if I were at home, and you would open your pages, I could cite well-authenticated instances of the slaughter of prisoners from every war in which the United States has been engaged, as well as many foreign wars.

The particular quotation you dismiss in such a cavalier fashion was taken by Laurence Housman, a responsible and noted British author, from actual war letters written by Englishmen who lost their lives in battle. The writer of the letter from whom this selection was made was Captain C. Murray Childe. Now Captain Childe may have been bamboozled; but I myself can attest to having seen letters from American soldiers expressing horror over the killing of prisoners by Allied troops; Henri Barbusse, who saw the war from the inside if anybody did, has written of many other cases; and one could quote, easily, from dozens of additional works by war veterans.

It is important to separate in one's thought the indubitable atrocities which are the inevitable accompaniments of battle, and the more deliberate atrocities committed on helpless and often unoffending civilians. The former kind are ever-present in warfare, in the last great war as well, on both sides of the line. The latter kind were negligible, equally, on both sides of the line. The only excuse for citing the maltreatment of prisoners by the French is to explode the common myth that the Germans were beasts and the Allied armies sacrosanct. Nevertheless, one of your points is well taken, namely, that as a rule atrocity stories of any kind do not help, however true. And thus I can be grateful for your rap on the knuckles in spite of being a trifle amused by your manner of handling, from your study, the observations of men like Captain Childe, who is not here to defend himself.

DEVERE ALLEN.

WE ARE NOT TAUGHT TO HATE

Rochester, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I was very much interested in the editorial to my article in *Harper's,* which appeared in your issue of May 20.

Your editorial leads me to believe that perhaps I have not succeeded in making my position altogether clear. I did not mean to imply that Catholicism is a historical exercise, whose chief purpose is to create anti-Semitism. As you write, such an idea would be monstrous, and is absurd. Catholicism undoubtedly calls for the mystical and personal experience which you describe.

My contention is that anti-Semitism is a very frequent if not inevitable by-product of Catholic teaching. The basis for my judgment is not opinion but fact. It is not in my imagination, but in your Catholic text-book, that I find the statement: "For 1,800 years has the blood of Christ been upon the Jews. Driven from Judea—without country, without home—strangers

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amongst strangers—hated yet feared—have they wandered from nation to nation, bearing with them the visible signs of God's curse. Like Cain, marked with a mysterious sign, they shall continue to wander till the end of the world."

How can you expect your children to love Jews, if your religious schools teach them that Jews are hated and feared?

It may be true that you can remember no such teaching, but Jews have had too much experience with the direct results of it to be able to forget it. I could multiply a hundred fold the experiences related in my article. I will only tell you, however, of something which developed since the article appeared. About ten days ago, I spoke in the Jewish Community Center in Troy, New York, on this subject. After the address, some twelve or more parents came to me, each relating some unhappy experience of their children, resulting from this type of teaching. One mother related that her little daughter had been told by her best friend, a Catholic child, that she was taught in her parochial school that she might like, but must not love Jews, because they killed the Lord.

I write this letter not out of a desire to engage in controversy, but because I believe that Christians, most of whom are well-meaning, simply do not realize these things, and because I believe that I owe it to the welfare of my people to speak the truth to Christians as forcefully as I can.

Let me state before I close that I am deeply appreciative of the friendly and tolerant spirit in which your editorial was written.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN.

THE VIRTUE OF TEMPERANCE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Temperance is a great virtue! It seems that twenty years ago there were twenty distilleries for the manufacture of whisky in what is now the Irish Free State. Today there are only three with one working full time. One public house that sold for $50,000 in 1920 brought $6,000 at auction last year, and it is difficult to sell them at any price. We are told that "the prohibitive price at which whisky is sold across the counter has killed its sale as a popular beverage for all time."

The most striking statement in this regard from Ireland is: "The temperance sentiment fostered by the Catholic temperance bodies is now so strong and so widespread that no government would feel called upon to do anything to popularize again the drink trade." This is no mean accomplishment for a government only ten years in existence.

HOWARD W. TONER.

"MÈRE MARIE OF THE URSULINES"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Agnes Repplier's latest work, "Mère Marie of the Ursulines," raises one's courage to fight to the end in the battle of life for all that is fine and ideal, for the sublimity and tenacity of purpose on the part of the French nuns leaves one stunned by their heroism, and were it not for the historical facts and data, their devotion would be incredible to those of little faith.

It is a foregone conclusion to mention Miss Repplier's excellence of style and taste, and recalls to mind with pleasure the well-deserved rebuke given by the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward when an American woman said to her, "We have no good literature in America." Mrs. Ward's answer was, "How can you say that with Agnes Repplier?"

ALICE WARREN.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Third Little Show

I CANNOT, at the moment, recall a single instance where the first bursting enthusiasm and joyous audacity of a new type of review has carried over into second and third editions. The "Grand Street Follies" became less and less inspired as the news of their delightful mischief spread uptown and made them an annual institution. The impudent "Garrick Gaieties" never quite recaptured the informal charm of their first surprising bow to Broadway. Even the "Charlot's Revue," which first introduced us to Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence as a team, lost its flavor in the second year. Certainly the current "Little Show" is far below the standard of the first, in spite of the presence of Beatrice Lillie and Ernest Truex.

Dwight Wiman and Tom Weatherly have put considerable effort into the "Third Little Show." They have seen to it that an engaging chorus dances with all the precision and machine-gun rhythm required today. They have let Jo Mielziner design the amusing settings, and for the various sketches they have assembled a constellation of talent including Noel Coward, S. J. Perelman, Edward Eliscu and Marc Connelly. But there is obviously more to review-making than assembling talent.

The first half of the "Little Show" is the best, thanks in part to two brief sketches by Noel Coward, both of which are graced by Beatrice Lillie, and to a third sketch by Harry Wall, also aided by Miss Lillie. It seems as if Miss Lillie were always at her mischievous best when softly satirizing the English. Her song about mad dogs and Englishmen who are always out in the midday sun, whether in London or the tropics, and her thoroughly "adequate" behavior during a murder in a French café are both in this superlative tradition. Walter O'Keefe's monologues are dreary and witless beyond belief, but Carl Randall adds some dancing numbers, pointed rhythmically by a few simple bits of legerdemain, which relieve the interludes between Miss Lillie's appearances. Ernest Truex, who can be worth a show in himself, is not given any superlative chances, although whatever he does is marked with the sure technique of broad comedy. The other fillers-in are Constance Carpenter and Jerry Norris. Their job is to plug a few of the chief songs, and they do it gracefully and well but without any very special distinction. In other words, Miss Carpenter is not a Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Norris is not a Clifton Webb. The sketches in the second half of the show are nearly all too long and lack point.

The outstanding virtue (among many) of the first "Charlot's Revue" was the brevity and pith of its sketches. At the present moment, the English excell in this sort of thing. They do not feel it necessary to repeat situation and lines. They give the audience credit for quick perceptions, and, time and speed being the essence of good showmanship, they cut every sketch to its barest essentials. So far, our American showmen have not been consistently successful in copying or adapting this technique of the short sketch. (At the Music Box Theatre.)

Unexpected Husband

BARRY CONNERS, author of those two refreshingly simple comedies, "The Patsy" and "Applesauce," has written a new kind of bedroom farce from which most of the usual leering quality has been extracted. There is considerable frank talk in the play, based upon the suspicions of various characters, but as the whole situation turns on what might be called the

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embarrassment of appearances, and as the intentions of everyone concerned are of the best, the play cannot be classed with "Strictly Dishonorable" or the majority of plays of that type.

The refreshments of a certain road-house prove to have the effect of "knock-out drops" on Perry Morrison and Dorothy Atwater. Dorothy has come there to break her engagement to one Willie Van Loon, and Morrison has been called in to finance Willie's supposedly forthcoming marriage. It is while waiting for the appearance of Willie that Dorothy and Morrison succumb to the quick action of the refreshments. An obliging, if tipsy, justice of the peace and his equally expansive wife take pity on the unconscious couple and, thinking them married, drive them to a Jersey City hotel and deposit them there for the night. The justice of the peace leaves behind him one of his official cards with the words "good luck!" scribbled on it. Morrison discovers this—along with the rest of his predicament—on waking the next morning, and being, anything but clear on what has happened, does not know whether he has been married or not. The appearance of Dorothy's Texas-bred father (and gun) on the scene, and the intrusions of an ambitious reporter, plus the fact that the amiable justice's wife had sent out the couple's clothes to be cleaned the night before, all combine to scramble the situation for both the dignified Morrison and the bewildered Dorothy. The return of the distracted justice of the peace provides a solution of the difficulties, including a hastily made-out marriage certificate. The curtain descends as the newlyweds are on their way to a minister to supplement their important scrap of paper. All in all, it is the kind of farce that seems hardly worth the writing and probably never would have been written except for the inevitable bed. It has, however, the redeeming feature of being entirely free from insinuations other than those inherent in the principal situation, and then only from the viewpoint of other characters. The audience is never in doubt concerning the innocent truth. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

Miss Anglin Tells the Truth

MARGARET ANGLIN helped to inaugurate the weekly Converts' Hour over radio station WLWL by an address which contained a stinging rebuke to those who criticize the moral faults of the current theatre but do nothing practical to help the situation. Her remarks were so timely and so well directed, that I can do no better, by way of endorsement, than to paraphrase part of them briefly as follows:

"The stage is in a deplorable condition today. Actors are frequently obliged to take distasteful parts in order to make any living at all. Many playwrights feel under compulsion to write plays of the type which managers believe have box-office attraction, although if left to their better instincts they would produce a much finer type of play. One of the most important questions I have been asked in this connection is 'Where does the responsibility lie for correcting the present situation?' On this point my answer has got to be very plain. The responsibility lies with you. By you, I mean the general mass of people who agree that things aren't as they should be. And very particularly I mean those people who have plenty of money to devote to the support of fine music, good opera, symphony orchestras and the great museums, but who seem to feel that the stage is unworthy of their support.

"Let me make this very clear. I do not believe for a minute that a good theatre has to be endowed. But the theatre is a constant experiment, and all experiments require working capital. One success may more than make up the loss of three failures. But if that one success happens to be the fourth in a

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series of plays, you have to have enough money to carry through the failures until you reach the success. That is why so few of the large theatrical producers lose money over a long period of time. Fortunes lost in theatrical enterprises are generally lost in individual sums here and there by producers who gather together just enough money to produce one play and stake everything on that.

"Now you—always meaning people of means who calmly sit in judgment on the American theatre—have deliberately turned over the financing of the theatre to people who are looking for only one thing, sensational profits. You expect the born gamblers to produce all the plays and then wonder why the taste shown in the modern theatre falls to the level of the gambling type of mind. Whenever you turn over to somebody else something which you ought to be doing yourself, you share an equal responsibility with the others for whatever they do. Sometimes the sins of omission in this world are as great or greater than the sins of commission. Those well-intentioned people who sit back and criticize the stage of today and do nothing about it are deliberate shirkers.

"Every time you make possible, through underwriting the initial expense, the production of a fine play you are displacing a possible bad play. There are only a certain number of theatres in every city, and every time you fill one of them with a good play, you are reducing the number available for the other kind. But you are doing more than this! The minute you prove that the decent, strong, vital play, running on great and simple emotions, can pay for itself, and show a profit, you are talking to the rest of the theatre world in the only language they understand—results.

"If you could talk, as I have talked during the last two years, with hundreds of actors, playwrights, scenic designers, and men of real business ability in the theatre world, you would realize that the whole theatrical profession is getting very restless and uneasy about the present situation. The best elements in the theatre are all searching for some way out of the dilemma, for something that will free them from dependence on the gamblers for theatrical financing. It would be possible on forty-eight hours' notice, right here in New York, to start a theatre of the finest type, with some one person at its head and surrounded by a group of assistants whose capability amounts to genius. In fact, three or four such theatres could be established without beginning to exhaust the available material. They would be commercial theatres in the finest sense. But they would be founded, not to make sensational profits with plays on sensational subjects, but merely to earn a good sound business return figured over sufficiently long periods."

After Vespers

Dusk fills the silent church;
Broken by wandering rays
Of the setting sun,
That filter through half-open windows
Making splashes of golden light
Along the nave.
One stray beam,
Falling on the tabernacle
Of the high altar,
Gives a strangely lovely glow;
And seems to shed a benediction
On the Child
Hidden within.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

BOOKS

The Twelve

Jésus et ses apôtres, by Abbé Félix Klein. Paris: Bloud et Gay.

AFTER more than forty years of apostleship by speaking and writing, and many voyages in Europe and America, where his reputation shines in the Catholic and academic world, Abbé Félix Klein has brought out his most beautiful book, on which he must have meditated through the whole course of his life. Thirty-five volumes of essays and criticism have given us the opportunity to admire his rare talent as a writer and his wisdom as an educator; they have prepared us for his chef d'oeuvre which puts a vibrant sensibility coupled with a fully matured intelligence at the service of our Saviour and His Church. "Jesus and His Apostles" is no doubt the study dearest to the heart of a priest who has consecrated himself to the propagation of the acts and doctrine of the Master.

The Abbé Klein takes up the story of our Saviour where He is leaving the desert in solitude; he follows Him in His miracles and Self-dedication, to His Passion, His entombment, the Ascension and Pentecost. This is the time of the formation of the Apostles; it is the Church in its infancy. The Archbishop of Paris, Jean Cardinal Verdier, justly remarks in his preface that if the foundations of this work of establishing the Church reposes on an exact, solid science, it has never been clearly demonstrated. But the naturalness of the present recital, the identification of the spirit of the author with the words of the evangelists, the judicious comments which penetrate the inevitable obscurities, all these contribute to an irresistible persuasion so persistent that it haunts us even when we have closed the book. So marvelously easy is the style that we commune, at least through the heart if not through the understanding, with the most inaccessible mysteries. Cardinal Verdier's preface has been, if possible, strengthened by a letter from Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, conveying to the author the apostolic benediction.

"Jesus and His Apostles" is perhaps the best reply to "The Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan. Renan also had the gift of narrative and the ability to place in their picturesque environment the events which transformed the world. But, among other things, there was lacking in his impious book the sense of the supernatural, the Faith and good faith, without which it is impossible to see in their real perspective persons and events. Obviously, from even an aesthetic point of view, a life of Jesus can produce on its readers, even those without faith, its full effect only if His authentic character is left to Him.

The problem which the Abbé Klein had to solve, was how to show to us man and God united in Jesus, and nature in conflict with grace in the hearts of the Apostles. To do this he has written neither an edifying sermon nor a sensational story, he has done better and more. He has impregnated his work with an evangelical simplicity, which will have a lasting attraction. With subtle talent, the Abbé Klein has gone further than most authors, never sacrificing the supernatural to the natural or the natural to the supernatural, but showing them interpenetrating each other, first of all in the Master and then in those of His disciples whom He made His Apostles.

To behold Jesus absolutely as He was, that is to say as He was in Palestine, all grace and perfection yet human, Son of man and Son of God, man and God in one human body, here indeed is a prospect which surpasses the prerogatives of the children of Adam. One must be content simply to make an

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approach; or turn to the Gospels inspired by God Himself. But who knows well how to read these, compare them, complement them one with another, comment on them without error? For this sort of apologetic, it is not sufficient to be a learned and exact interpreter of texts, nor to be a fine writer, a real artist, a deep thinker. Something more is requisite. It is necessary to be a Christian, and a Catholic, in heart and deed, to have lived the life of Christ in the restrictions of the human life, to have followed the Way of the Cross with courageous faith. A good priest, with a vocation for missionary work, possessing the gifts of soul and mind and heart of which I have spoken, appears more than all others suited to initiate us to those events without equal in this world, the life of Christ with His Apostles.

Herein is the reason why the book of the Abbé Klein commends itself to us from so many points of view. In a period when the critical spirit has become most difficult, it has brought to us an authentic, aesthetic and pure document capable of captivating not only the faithful but also infidels, affirming the faith of the one and forcing it suavely on the others.

H. A. Jules-Bois.

Empire Builders

Cadillac, by Agnes C. Laut. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $3.00.

Stout Cortez, by Henry Morton Robinson. New York: The Century Co. $4.00.

IT IS in every way an excellent thing that the contribution of the early Spanish and French adventurers to American history is now having a reasonable amount of attention paid to it. Too long have we been engrossed by New England Puritan and Virginian Cavalier. Without detracting in the least from their great achievements, we should recall those others whose exploits were still greater, men cast in the heroic mold, who are neglected mainly because of the accidental—and quite possibly temporary—triumph of the Protestant tradition in a land which from the eastern to the western ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf, still glitters with the place-names bestowed by men of the Catholic faith.

Neither of the two biographers whose books are before me is a Catholic, and, in part, that circumstance possibly accounts for a certain inadequacy of treatment. Mr. Robinson, however, is in this, as in nearly all other respects, the superior of Miss Laut.

The story of Cadillac as told here is disappointing. Miss Laut has clearly a good deal of discursive knowledge of the times and the places she is writing about, but she is often inexact in statement and slovenly in style. On page 39 she gives us a French baronetcy! On page 64, "the black-robed Jesuits with tonsured crowns" keeping company with "grey-robed friars and monks of Saint Francis." On page 108 Radisson is accorded the honor of being the discoverer of the Mississippi. And on page 67, "Sisters in the Ursuline convents prostrated themselves in all-night devotions before the statute of the saint." It is little wonder that, despite a few pages so vivid that they seem to have been written by a different hand, Miss Laut's record of events is confused and that the personality of Cadillac (see her own confession on pages 281 and 283) utterly escapes her.

Mr. Robinson, on the other hand, has written a very good book, almost a great book. His opening is, it is true, a little uncertain, just as his close is huddled; but nothing could be more vigorous than his account of the conquest of Mexico. Like Miss Laut he leaves his pages undocumented, though he occasionally cites the letters of Cortez and the history of Bernal Díaz. And he indulges more than anyone else has ventured to

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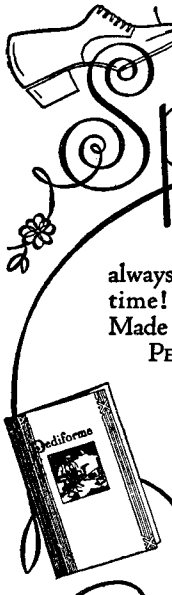

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NEXT WEEK

With school and university graduations very much in the headlines these days, an EDUCATIONAL NUMBER of THE COMMONWEAL seems to offer special interest. For the Catholic College graduate, CATHOLIC GRADUATE STUDY, by Dr. Roy J. Deferrari, dean of the Graduate School of the Catholic University of America, contains matters which are vitally important. They are important also to all Catholics who are interested in the extension of real university facilities at American Catholic institutions and the development of a body of Catholic scholars that shall worthily represent the historic position of the Church in the scholastic world. . . . A SCHOOL OF ACTION, by Joseph A. Cousins, tells of a successful experiment in making Catholic college instruction available to the layman who is not a college student but who welcomes the opportunity to study in a truly adult manner the intricacies of his faith. . . . AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN, by George N. Shuster, deals most interestingly with the subject of Catholic summer school activities. . . . TEACHING PLAIN CHANT TO CHILDREN, by Mary Kolars, is not only a fascinating exposition of a famous method of developing the nearest earthly approach to an angelic choir, but also is a charmingly human glimpse at childhood. . . . SAINTE JEANNE D'ARC, by Henri Massis, truly an intellectual treat of rare quality, has been held over from this week until next. . . . PLAYS FOR CHILDREN, by Bertha Drennan, is delightfully suggestive of things to do and is based on successful experience. . . . COUNTRY FAIR, by Padraic Colum, is racy of the soil and natural, colorful characters. . . . MANY NATIONS, by Gouverneur Paulding, conveys the richness and the glamor and the fact of catholicity.

do, since Mr. Lytton Strachey set the example, in imaginary conversations. On page 244 he even ventures to report the speech of Sicutengal before the council of Tlascaltec chiefs—which is going a little too far.

Then, too, he is much too uncritical in his acceptance of the figures always so airily given by the conquistadores, and has slurred over the question about Cortez having murdered his first wife. Prescott, it is true, acquitted Cortez on this charge, but had the excuse of lacking the documents since made available, which strongly support the suspicion that the matter was hushed up by the Spanish court merely on the ground of expediency. As an instance of a further inaccuracy Cortez is made to take (on page 325) the daughter of the Duke of Bejar as his second wife, and only three pages later his niece. In point of fact it was Bejar's niece.

I could go on with my strictures did I not feel that in doing so I should give a false impression of an exceedingly powerful piece of writing. After all the main purpose of the historical biographer is to make his subject live and his times become alive. This Mr. Robinson has amply succeeded in doing. Even while I remain somewhat irritated by the lack of scholarly method, I must applaud the creative energy with which Cortez has been presented to us and admit that, making all deductions on the score of incidental inaccuracy, the final impression left upon the mind of the reader is in the main a true one. Yet I cannot help but hope that Mr. Robinson will give us another biography which will avoid the faults of his "Stout Cortez" and retain its very real merits.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Method and Madness

Reason and Nature, by Morris R. Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.

IT IS idle to speculate what would have happened to philosophical thought had not a vigorous anti-intellectualism cut across the surging current of nineteenth-century rationalism. It is not fantastic to assert that the caution which Professor Cohen evidences in his defense of scientific rationalism would probably have been less marked had not many philosophers and not a few scientists in recent years, proclaimed the ultimate bankruptcy of mechanistic methods. Let no one imagine, however, that Professor Cohen dilutes his rationalism to curry favor with those whose trend of thought is rather of the "romantic" type. On the contrary, his pen has lost none of its vigor, nor his mind its critical incisiveness, nor has his firm conviction that scientific method, conscious of itself and of its limitations, alone can lead to the knowledge of truth, been in the least disturbed by the heavy fire of idealistic or anti-rationalistic guns.

Stimulating as it is in many ways, "Reason and Nature" is not an easy book to read. It abounds in keen criticism of certain current views of philosophy, science, mathematics, law and morals; it is learned and, in spots, technical; it is well written, clear, unambiguous and, on occasion, delightfully ironical. But it is too obviously controversial, too brief in the discussion of crucially important points and too lengthy in its criticism of less weighty matters. The broad outlines of the plan upon which Professor Cohen's study is constructed reveals a unity of purpose—the vindication of reason in the realms of science and philosophy—which indeed gives coherence to the variety of topics dealt with in its chapters. Reason and the nature of things, reason in natural science, reason in social science, are the three base-lines of the plan. Upon these lines

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the author draws the details of his structural framework to include the whole range of human reflection and interest.

G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown once detected a criminal disguised as a priest because in his conversation, "he disparaged reason and that is bad theology." Professor Cohen certainly does not err in orthodoxy on that side. He defends reason through thick and thin, and his defense is in the vast majority of cases quite defensible. However, there is another extreme—to disparage faith and that is bad rationalism—which Professor Cohen is not always careful to avoid. What a pity his broad knowledge does not include a fuller understanding of the thought of Saint Thomas Aquinas with whom he appears to have little more than a bowing acquaintance! But when one begins by a wholesale rejection of the supernatural it is difficult for him to think that a canonized saint could be of any assistance in vindicating the power of human reason against those who hold it in distrust.

"Reason and Nature" is a thoughtful book by a man who does not follow the crowd. Should one feel the need of an antidote after having read it, Professor Aliotta's well-known work, "The Idealistic Reaction against Science," ought to serve the purpose and effect the necessary balance.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Apocryphal Angel

Gabriel the Archangel (Gabriele D'Annunzio), by Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

WHY ANYONE would want to write the biography of a man who is still alive is a mystery; and why anyone would ever want to write the biography of Gabriele D'Annunzio is an even greater mystery. The least attractive aspect of that versatile genius, famous as a poet, novelist, dramatist, aviator and great lover, is his personal life. No European writer since Byron has so consistently served as a target for scandal, gossip and popular myth-making. Even after a reading of the biography by Nardelli and Livingston, which is presented as the first authentic life of D'Annunzio, he remains shrouded in legend.

Born at Pescara in the Abruzzi in 1863, D'Annunzio completed his studies at Prato and published his first volume of verse at sixteen. Pampered by the young Roman writers, he contributed to various literary periodicals and created such a scandal with his love poems that by nineteen he was the literary lion of Rome's aristocracy and a year later managed to elope with the Duchessina di Gallese. This matrimonial experience, however, did not last long, for he soon fell into the arms of other ladies of the nobility, each of whom in turn became material for a confessional novel or volume of poems. Through his plays he met the great actress, Eleanora Duse, who for years abandoned herself and her art to the glory of her god whose fame continued to grow as hers diminished. But as soon as her fortune had passed into his hands and their love had been set down in "The Flame of Life," she too was abandoned.

In 1910, ruined, D'Annunzio withdrew to France whence he returned in 1915 to urge Italy into the war. For the next three years with his headquarters in a Venetian palace he lived a life of mingled heroism and debauchery, finally losing an eye while landing his plane. After the armistice he led the successful assault on Fiume and occupied that city with his bands of *arditi* until it was taken over by Italy. Withdrawing to the Vittoriale above the Lake of Garda, he has lived in seclusion from that day to the present, receiving titles and an income from the Fascist government.

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D'Annunzio's biographers, while manifesting a great desire to whitewash their "Archangel," fail to do justice to his super-Barrèsian egotism and fundamental philosophy of the superman, nor do they communicate any of the charm which made him the great lover he was and the literary force he is today. They have avoided any critical evaluation of his work in prose and verse, much of which, despite the present reaction against the D'Annunzian school, is certain to live. And they have not explained, or even indicated, his renunciation of his international fame in order to supplant Carducci as the nationalist poet of New Italy.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN.

Less Work

Restriction of Output among Unorganized Workers, by Stanley B. Mathewson. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

RESTRICTION of the daily or hourly output of production by organized workers in consequence of trade union rules and customs is well known and taken for granted. Most of us have heard about the bricklayer who is not allowed to lay a reasonable number of bricks per day, the plumber who must spend part of the day resting under the bath tub and the members of many other skilled trades who fail to give a fair day's work in return for a fair day's pay. The volume before us shows that similar practices are widespread among non-unionists. The findings presented in the book are based upon the actual investigation of factories, business houses and other kinds of industrial establishments. The investigator goes so far as to say that the practice among unorganized workers of limiting the amount of their production constitutes "a major problem in American industry."

The restrictions are due to various factors. One is workers' pressure; that is, the desire of the majority of employees in an establishment to work leisurely because that is the easier way. Wherever this condition obtains, the individual who is willing to turn out a reasonable amount of product is very soon made to feel that he is following an unpopular and ultimately an unwise course. Another cause of restriction is the attitude of some bosses. For various reasons they wish to keep production down. Still another reason is the practice in some establishments of lowering the piece rate when it is found that the workers are able to make what the management regards as too much money per day. The time study man seems to be an object of aversion and hostility to many workers; hence they get even with him by reducing their speed as soon as he gets out of their sight. Personal grievances are likewise an important cause. To a considerable extent most of these reasons for restrictions seem to be reinforced by the conviction of the worker that he is not getting sufficient remuneration; hence he adjusts his production to his conception of a fair equivalent for the wage that he is getting. Finally, restriction is practised in a great variety of industries through fear of unemployment. Knowing that the job or contract upon which they are engaged will be completed at a certain time in the distant future and that they have no certainty of getting employment elsewhere, the workers strive to make their present jobs last as long as possible.

The inferences drawn by the investigator from his study are: restriction is a widespread institution, deeply entrenched in the working habits of American laboring people; scientific management has failed to develop a spirit of confidence between employer and employee; underwork and restriction are greater problems than overspeeding and overwork, and the efforts of managers to deal with the practice have been far from successful.

JOHN A. RYAN.

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African Episodes

Behind Moroccan Walls; translated and adapted by Constance Lily Morris, from the books of Henriette Celarié, with pictures by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

MADAME CLERARIÉ, the wife of a French officer, lived for many years in different sections of Morocco, thus acquiring first-hand knowledge and information about Moroccan women of various castes. Constance Lily Morris has adapted stories from two of Madame Celarié's books.

These little sketches—which the author declares are all based on fact—give one a glimpse of what goes on behind the walls of Moroccan Africa, and incidentally furnish an excellent brief for the French protectorate. Before the coming of the French, slavery was much more common, little girls of seven or eight being sold by the thousands every year. Several of the stories deal with this theme. The slaves were usually well treated, but the heroic rescue of one young girl from a cruel master by a Frenchwoman is perhaps the most exciting story in the volume. Then there are the horrible prisons in which 4,000 men were discovered when the French took possession. These were caves which no light could enter and into which the condemned man was pushed head first.

Many of the stories deal with the home life of the Moroccans and enable one to see that women are much the same the world over. They marry at a very early age, twelve or thirteen, and their worst troubles seem to be caused by jealous or plotting mothers-in-law. Though all Moslem women are not contented with their lot, they are resigned, because "Allah wills it."

"Behind Moroccan Walls" is a very attractive volume. The black and white illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff are striking.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

A Manual

Catholic Teaching, by Thomas C. B. Healy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THIS is a handy, well-printed, concise statement of Catholic belief and practice which follows the order of the Baltimore Catechism and is therefore a most convenient manual for converts and pupils in secondary schools.

The author from his own experience in instructing inquirers is convinced that many of them are honestly troubled by the suspicion that the teachings of the Church are antiquated. His chief endeavor has been to show that there is no contradiction between the content of revealed truth and the conclusions of science. He has therefore adopted the language of the laboratory and used modern modes of thinking to illustrate his arguments.

Although he has succeeded in meeting all reasonable objections, there will be those who will be irritated by some of his suggestions. It seems, for instance, very far fetched to attempt to explain transubstantiation as being a rearrangement of the electrons of the atoms of the starch molecules in the eucharistic bread.

The treatment of the Sixth Commandment lays far too much stress upon the Freudian theories. He does not explain what he means by "orderly direction" as opposed to "repression." It is surely dangerous to say that the promiscuous relations between the unmarried are "orderly rather than disorderly," and to declare, without further explanation, that continency is impossible to most men. There are other apparent contradictions in the book which ought to be eliminated in the second edition.

EDWARD HAWKS.

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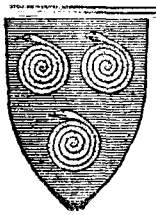
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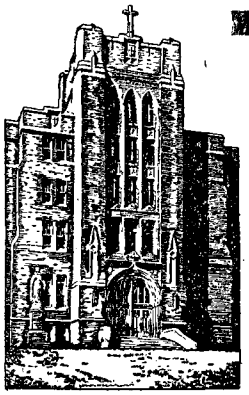

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Briefer Mention

1066 and All That, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $.75.

THE EYE and mind unseasoned in puns will probably recoil, in incredulity, in dismay and finally in fatigue, from the serried ranks of puns, near-puns and puns' poor relations deploying through this recital of how, though sore beset for centuries, England still remained "top nation." If you do not think it funny to speak of "the Venemous Bead" or "Alfred the Cake," or to refer to "Broody Mary" or to "the well-known saying, 'Paddle your own Canute,'" you do not think it funny, and nine-tenths of this nonsense history will be considerably worse than wasted on you. However, it is only fair to utter the warning that, when the going seems heaviest, the narrative may unfold a forgotten pair of wings and do a real bit of soaring. To write that, when Henry asked for a divorce, "the Pope refused and seceded with all his followers from the Church of England," or to speak of "the important International Law called the Rule Brittania, technically known as the Freedom of the Seas," or to describe how the great Gregory, uttering the epigram "Non Angli, sed Angeli (*not* Angels, but Anglicans), commanded one of his saints called Saint Augustine to go and convert the rest," is to produce distinguished wit. The examples are not many, but it is the hope of more that keeps one reading to the end. And one is rewarded: "America was thus clearly top nation, and History came to a . "

The Genteel Tradition at Bay, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

WHATEVER one may think of its conclusions or its method, Mr. Santayana's critique of the "new humanism" is as pat as anything yet framed. Part one is an examination of the decision to which all humanists have been driven by the course of modern history "Wealth, learning, sport and beneficence, even on a grand scale, must leave them cold, or positively alarm them, if these fine things are not tightly controlled and meted out according to some revealed absolute standard." Part two is an ironic and sceptical consideration of "absolutism," which stresses again the truth that Mr. Santayana's supreme limitation is a lack of faith. This is primarily a dearth of belief in the supernatural, but it reveals itself also as a half-languid tiredness with the rest of life.

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